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In France
with
Battery F. 305th F. A.

Dedicated to Captain
JAMES LLOYD DERBY



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By BEN JACOBSON

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INTRODUCTION

Words shall be few and explanations less in this little diary. However, the author does want it understood that his disproportionate sense of humor has overbalanced all other things in these accounts. He regrets that it has been impossible to mention everybody in this book. Only those who have been more or less incorrigible or spasmodically amusing will find themselves in the limelight, while the names of a great many heroes in our battery will forever remain unsung.

In the first place, this little book would ne'er have been were it not that it rained continually in France following the armistice and that we held drills daily and relentlessly in those rains. The birth of this little book is due directly to the fact that by creating it the author could dodge, avoid, or be excused from the majority of these "wet" formations, which were the bane of our existence in France after the signing of the armistice.

The historical data contained herein are facts—the stories perhaps so. The book is a great deal shorter than the author ever intended it should be. He could not relate all individual happenings, and many an interesting story had to be left out. His aim will have been achieved, if, from this meager history the personnel of the battery can individually recall their own personal adventures and trials, brought to mind in this general way, and in relating their stories, clothe and adorn them, each in his own imaginative speech.

B. J.

SEP 13 1919

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Off For France

Not with the sound of bugles, not with bands playing and standards unfurled, but in the still of the night with packs and full equipment, and our every move concealed, we began that memorable march "for Berlin."

At 2.00 A. M. Thursday, April 25th, there was a half-hushed blast of the first sergeant's whistle and all men started from their resting places on the floor of the clean swept barracks. As they formed in column outside, speaking in whispers, there was not a word of discontent. We were a happy, bustling bunch. A delay of an hour before starting, and then began a slow, grinding march to the Camp Upton Terminal. Everyone was littered with packages. Boxes of cigarettes, cakes, and articles never used were tied to the long heavy packs and rolls on our backs. In the rear of the column marched a slow solemn procession; a stretcher carried by four men and containing one Jimmie Houlihan with badly bent and twisted ankle received the day previous in a victorious basketball *melée*. Halts on the march were frequent as the 1st Battalion was entraining. The cars were boarded at 5.00 A. M. and fifteen minutes later they pulled out. Packs were piled on top of men and men on top of packs. There was scarcely room in which to breathe. Those near the windows were the lucky ones, and some hung half way out to get the fresh air. Still, everyone was in good spirits, and with difficulty the Sergeants in charge of each car restrained the men from singing, and, as the cars swung madly through each little hamlet, and the groups of villagers would wave and cheer, there burst a yell from every throat, and quickly the Sergeants would put an end to the racket. As our destination was neared, a lieutenant came through the cars, and, discovering the guidon unfurled and showing through one of the rear windows, hastily bade the holder to cover it at once—with its simple message to the world:

Battery F, 305 F. A..

Long Island City was reached at 7.30 A. M., where the ferry "Manhattan Beach" lay in dock. On the trip around lower New York and into the North River no cheering or waving was permitted. When Hoboken was reached, there was a final check and roll call. One by one, in alphabetical order, the boys went up the gang-plank and stepped on deck the U.S.S. "Von Steuben," the renamed German Auxiliary Cruiser "Kronprinz Wilhelm II." The Red Cross women worked feverishly along the line of boys on the pier, distributing hot coffee and buns and a pack of cigarettes to each.

We spent the rest of the morning and afternoon writing our safe (?) arrival cards and watching the hurried loading of the ship. It was a hot, stuffy night below decks in our crowded sleeping quarters, and, not enough hammocks to go 'round for everybody, some of us had to be S. O. L. and slept on the floor.

Friday, the 26th, was a bright, sunny day and we could now look around and get our bearings. We were at Pier I, North German Lloyd Line. The old familiar buildings of lower New York were plainly visible to us, and what would we have not given to have been able to telephone over and say "Good-bye" to the ones we loved dearly.

The ship's crew were busy all day, scrubbing decks and polishing her guns. She carried four 5-inch guns, ten 3-inch, four one-pounders, and two 3-inch anti-aircraft, twenty guns in all. Her passenger list consisted of 1107 men and 27 officers.

Late in the afternoon came the order "Everybody below decks," and we were all locked in, hatches down. At 5.30 P. M. we pulled out of the dock silently, with no blowing of ship's whistle—bound for France! We were convoying the "Northern Pacific" transporting our 1st Battalion, and together the two ships passed through the harbor and out into the ocean, keeping abreast in the broad expanse, about a thousand yards apart.

No lights were permitted and all in all it was an uncomfortable night for everyone except the officers. How we wished we had gone to Plattsburg. Staterooms for each one, and their meals were of the finest, silver dishes and cutlery adorning their tables. And as for us, we had to stand in line for an hour or more perhaps, to be served our mess, and would then climb somewhere upon the deck, where the wind would blow our bread overboard, or the ashes from the ship's funnels get into the stew.

Saturday was a quiet day, wonderful weather. Our first lifeboat drill was held at 1 P. M. and we were all issued cotton-filled life-jackets to be worn at all times, even when sleeping. About forty men began the Lookout Guard at 4 P. M. to watch for submarines and mines from every part of the ship.

Sunday found a great many of the boys seasick, and it also found us dirty. By Jupiter! it was tough to keep clean in that miserable hole, and no water to wash in except saltwater. When it came to shaving, if the barber shop was too busy, the drinking water in our canteens answered the purpose. As there was a guard placed at the drinking cooler to see no one wasted any fresh water, or took any to shave or wash with, we had a pretty lively time dodging him with a little unauthorized issue in our mess cup.

We ran into rather heavy seas on Monday and a strong north wind. Pretty rough and nearly everybody sick. Boat drills went on regularly every day, however, and our "Lookout Guard" Corporals were pretty busily engaged chasing all over the boat to find some soldiers who had weathered the storm sufficiently well to take the places of the sick ones in the lookout booths. Kingston, with a red band on his sleeve, had a hell of a time trying to rout out the desired parties for details. It was more like a game of hide-and-seek, as everybody dodged him when they saw him coming, and he roamed ceaselessly from one end of the boat to the other.

Monday was quiet compared to the pitching and rolling of the ship on Tuesday. The sailors endeavored earnestly to relieve the sufferings of the seasick soldiers. To some of us it was a week of terrified agony, mingled with an acute desire for an instantaneous death. Poor Gee Tung was a sorrowful spectacle. The courtesies and kindness of the crew to us on that trip will never be forgotten—'twas like the gentle cheerfulness of a Red Cross nurse.

Again on Wednesday we encountered high seas and stiff winds, and after more boat drills we were mustered in, it being May first. Then the officers would take turns reading to us several columns on Governmental Censorship, Articles of War, and lots of other bunk. The majority of us listened to it all with pain in our faces and nothing in

our stomachs. We entered the Submarine Zone about 4 P. M. and began zigzagging. For two hours at twilight all hands remained above decks.

This was repeated just before dawn the next morning, pursuant to orders, and we sat around on deck from 3.30 A. M. to 5.30. The sun poked its nose out for an hour or so Thursday morning, but was lost soon in the black clouds rolling up on our starboard. Plenty of rain in the afternoon, and again our two unpleasant hours above decks waiting patiently and merrily to be torpedoed.

The sun came out to stay Friday morning, and the sea was fairly calm. All signs of seasickness among the boys disappeared, and as the morning went on the sea became more and more gentle. At 8 A. M. we sighted smoke on the horizon, and in fifteen minutes we were close enough to discern with the naked eye our little protectors of the sea, five American destroyers. They darted in and out and around the ship, and then spread out in fan-shape to our right and left.

We were ordered to pack up towards evening, as we expected to make port by morning. We were all on deck as usual at 3.30 A. M. Saturday, but all hopes of making the harbor in the morning were gone. It was dangerously foggy. Early in the day we narrowly missed running down one of the destroyers. Twice we tried to make the harbor while the fog lifted a bit, but both times it immediately after became denser than ever, and the ship pointed its nose away from land travelled in circles. We lost our consort for one hour and it was only about noon when it became clear that we were again together, with a great many French destroyers, and more American added to our convoy. Land was sighted at 1.30 P. M.

Never will we forget the view of the port of Brest with the old stone fortresses on steep promontories booming its welcome salute to us as we steamed up the harbor. We were met by American aeroplanes, a French dirigible and English submarines. It was a perfect Spring day and the hills enclosing the port were gloriously tinted with various colored foliage. We anchored at 4 P. M. and amused ourselves as long as it was daylight, and that was until 9 P. M., by pitching our nickles and dimes to the French stevedores on a barge moored alongside, and watching them scramble frantically for the coins. No one was allowed shore leave except Lieutenant Nissley; and it has always remained a matter of great debate to the entire battery as to just what he did ashore that night.

Sunday they recoaled the ship. Everybody got more or less blackened from the clouds of dust that settled over everything aboard. Wonderful souvenir booklets of Brest views were sold on ship, and we all bought copies at fifty cents a throw and mailed them home, thinking in this way we could beat the censor and let the folks know just where we were in France. But the censor fooled us, after having said they would be O.K.'d, for nary a booklet reached its destination.

Sunday morning, May the 6th, we were aroused bright and early. Inspection on board and then landed on French soil at 9.15 A. M. amid the cheers of the sailors and the playing of the ship's band. We then marched in the boiling hot sun with full packs to the Pontanezen Barracks, three miles from the port. At every stop along the road we were besieged with French children asking for "monnaie" and "Americaine cigarette." What little clothes the kids wore were of a cheap black cotton material. Boys and girls alike dressed in thin

loose smocks and wooden shoes. Those who did not ask for cigarettes begged for our biscuits and rations carried on our packs. Our first impression of France was one of poverty and starvation.

Our so-called "rest camp" was reached at noon. It was an old walled camp of Napoleon, and we considered ourselves lucky by not being housed in the antique barracks. Instead, we were put in large squad tents. We nearly froze to death at night, as it turned extremely cold.

The next morning we were up before daybreak, sitting around the kitchen fires to keep warm. Orders were suddenly received to leave our rest camp. At 10 A. M. we were on our hike back again over the road we came up yesterday. The railroad station was on the outskirts of Brest. It was here that we were initiated into the wiles and witcheries of corned willy and 'twas here we had our first nip of "Vin ordinaire," "cognac" and "benedictine." And praise be to Allah, what a long nip it was! All the way from Brest to Bordeaux that "nip" lasted—something around forty hours. Maybe the civilians didn't soak us for smuggling the stuff aboard the train. For many a bottle of "vin" worth about two francs we had to shell out a nice crisp two dollar bill. But 'twas well worth the price, for half the misery of that nightmare ride was forgotten with the aid of those bottles.

We were crowded as all other troops were, into the proverbial French box car with the sign "40 Hommes ou 8 Chevaux." Some cars held 45 men and had but one little opening about two feet square for ventilation. At 2.20 P. M. the train pulled out. We passed through Landerneau, Chateaulinn, Quimper and Rosporden before night set in. Our old horse cars of twenty years ago went faster than the imitation engines we had. And just when the train started to make good time, about 10 P. M., our "frog" brakeman fell off. We thought we would have to dynamite the train to stop it. There was no way of communicating the loss of our valuable brakeman to the engineer, so we yelled and tooted the bugles and one sergeant fired a few shots from his revolver. The engineer was finally convinced something had happened when someone who could talk not a word of French crawled out of and over the cars to his box and made wild motions. The train was stopped on a side track about five miles from the scene of the accident. We waited patiently while the engine was run back and gather in our frightened but unhurt brakeman.

We stretched our legs a bit at Nantes where we arrived at 7 A. M. Wednesday. The French Red Cross served us black coffee in our mess tins, and at first it had a horrible taste. Then some genius discovered it was the cognac flavor from the barrels which contained the coffee. Immediately there was a rush for "seconds" and "thirds." We quickly bought out the lunch room at the station and the old ladies were so excited over getting such extravagant prices for their wares that not one of us bothered to pay for the drinks they dished out. During the day we passed through Glisson, La Roche-Sur-Yon, Lucon, Rochefort-Sur-mer, and Saintes.

Again followed an enjoyable half suffocating night in our delightful roomy and clean box cars. At 3 A. M. we were at the railroad station in Bordeaux. To cheer us up we were served "hot coffee" that was black, tasteless and ice cold.

A real American engine pulled our train to a point about twelve miles north of Bordeaux called Bonneau. We detrained and hiked along a good road for about two miles to our destination, Camp Souge. The road was congested with huge American-built trucks carrying supplies and our blue bags. It was here we had our first glimpse at France's famous goldbricks—Chinese coolies. What a mixture of sloth, slovenness and slime. They were clothed in just enough garments to keep Anthony Comstock from serving a subpoena upon them. Each was more curiously decorated than the other. They carried either a raincoat or a parasol; some held canary cages in hand; others, tea-pots; more still were loaded with fresh vegetables; and all wore the oddest collection of head-gear from a milk maid's bonnet to a silk dress hat.

Our barracks were fine, better than we had ever dreamt of. We had latrines and even a shower bath. The day was spent getting our wooden bunks together and filling bedsacks with straw. Everybody had a good night's rest, the first in fourteen days. The night was bitterly cold and damp, yet during the day it had been terribly hot. During our entire stay the weather was pretty much the same—a penetrating cold at night and from hot to boiling during the day.

The next couple of days passed by in cleaning equipment, resting up and buying lots of eatables at the commissary and from the French carts allowed within the camp limits. Our purchasing capacities were enlarged by changing at the Y. M. C. A. our good American money into vast quantities of strange looking, tissue-papered francs, which we all reluctantly did. Captain Mitchell announced we would stay here for approximately two months—good guess, to the day—and by the new schedule to take effect Monday we must arise at 5.30 A. M. have but forty-five minutes apiece for breakfast and dinner and hold retreat at 5.30 P. M. Ten and a half hours of actual work—real intensive training.

Saturday morning we were allowed outside the gate marking the camp limits, to imbibe freely of stipulated light French vins only, in "orderly" and well-chosen estaminés. Fine! We had everything, anywhere.

Nineteen men from the battery were given passes to Bordeaux, by mistake reading for overnight. And, by their quiet, mannerly and *lady-like* behavior, killed the act for all of us.

Sunday, May the 12th, was Mother's Day and, of course, everyone more or less full of vin wrote letters sparkling with enthusiasm for that wonderful part of France we were in, with its beautiful scenes on the lake, and the days that would be light until 9.30 P. M.

The next day, however, started the process of squashing the sentiment and romance in our systems. A stiff schedule of drill periods; school for the officers; school for the enlisted specialists; meals tasting of horse meat—these were the things warranted and guaranteed to knock out all sentimentality and artistic temperament from the tenderest to the most stoic.

The artists chosen for telephone school consisted of Sergeant McKenna (bless him), Corporals Dupree, Duckworth, Spiegel, Jacobson; Privates Houlihan, Brown, Stengren. The radio experts were Corporal Horton, Privates Carson and Fried. The "Wildcats" chosen for machine gun instruction consisted of Corporal Skillmen and Privates

Liebler, Kehoe, Sammler, Neuwerth, Rolke. All of the above details were immediately set down by the remainder of the battery as qualified A-1 "goldbricks."

The battery had its first gun drill. It was an exciting moment—our first handling of a French "75." There was a medical inspection, and five men were taken to the hospital; two for scarlet fever, a couple for measles and one for mumps.

The week was a corker. Schools in the forenoon and drills in the P. M., including close order in our famous sand fields under a perfectly healthy and broiling hot sun. Wednesday we received our first mail from the U. S., transferred from Camp Upton, and also the bounteous assignment of four horses to the battery. Friday was the day of the horse shoe nail found in the stew at noon, convincing all disbelievers that we really were thriving on horse flesh. Immediately there was a rush on the egg market resulting in a boost of a half franc a dozen by the French peddlers quick to see that for some unknown cause there had arisen a sudden urgent demand for their wares. The bull market continued as, day by day, more and more men of the more dubious sort were convinced of the presence of "horse meat" and joined the ranks of the egg-eaters. It was luxurious living, but that made no difference. At mess time the kitchen was jammed with so many fellows frying eggs and making omelets a la Duckworth, that Mess Sergeant Greenlee was certain he had now succeeded in reaching that stage where he could afford to give a full portion of mess to the rest of the battery waiting in line, and seconds, too, plentifully.

Corporal Dupree and five men, Privates Foray, Rosenzweig, Eddie Miller, George Johnson and J. A. Williams, were quarantined in a separate barracks being under a suspicion for contact with contagious cases that had been sent to the hospital.

Saturday was a half holiday—drills in the morning and off in the afternoon. Hot day, as usual, and quite a bunch went swimming in the lake. Five more horses were assigned to the battery. Sunday was a real rest, and plenty of time to wash clothes, write mail, and go swimming in the lake. The estaminés were very popular, particularly one, where Sergeants Pohlman, McHenry and Garry were wont to frequent. It was a little shack that had a thriving business, overflowing the premises and out into the backyard where tables and wooden benches were set around. 'Way in the back was a well in which the proprietor would keep cool his bottles of "vin." The "Garry" bunch had the table nearest the well reserved for them, so that while the proprietor was engaged in lowering a basket filled with warm bottles to float in the ice-cold water of the well, they could "salvage" about three cold bottles unbeknown to the proprietor, from the basket he had just pulled up, and so get four bottles of "vin" for two francs instead of only one bottle.

The one thing that stood out above all others during the week May 19-25, with heartbreaking prominence, was the quarantining of the battery and regiment, to the limits of the camp. This was due to the alarming daily increase of contagious cases taken to the hospital. Of course, we couldn't get it out of our heads that the quarantine was not due to the major general's desire to inflict a little punishment for the Bacchanalian revelry enjoyed by the bunch that spent the night of May 11-12 in Bordeaux.

It was hot as hell all week. Schools in the morning, drills in the afternoon, and Sergeant Anderson's gas mask instruction at odd periods helped make us look like "drowned rats," by the time retreat rolled around.

Wednesday forty-four horses were assigned to the battery, good ones, so good that when Sergeant Ecock put the two best ones in harness to an empty fourgon wagon they couldn't even budge it until he administered his patented massage treatment.

Thursday night of the 23d we received our money for April. It was the first pay-day in France and it was late at night, almost 10 P. M., as we stood in line each one awaiting his turn to bellow "here" and salute reverently the stacks of dough piled on the table that he was *not* going to get. We were paid in "frog" money and everybody agreed that the reason we had to wait until after dark to "collect" was that the paymaster decided on this course so we couldn't see the "stage" money we were getting. Lights were going in the barracks until midnight disclosing groups of the boys scrambled on the floor, paper and pencil in hand, trying to figure out just how much real dough they had received. Oh, yes, we finally calculated how much that bunch of tissue paper represented, but it didn't look like it. Nobody has ever respected the value of a franc—or of a hundred—to this day. It has never seemed to impress us as real money.

On Saturday, after a gruelling hot day at drill, we had our first gun competition for the battalion. Nobody felt like working, so as a reward for our excellent showing all non-coms were called together by Captain Mitchell in back of the latrine and informed that their jobs were not likely to be steady unless there was a material improvement.

Sunday was a beautiful day and it was our turn at Regimental Guard.

The week of May 26-June 1st began our really interesting work, firing on the range. We began with 400 rounds Wednesday afternoon and knocked 'em dead—showed 'em all up. We might not have been good on a drill field, but when it came down to shooting—the real test—we couldn't be beaten. We had received 26 more horses in the morning to help us get the guns to the range and we needed 'em. The quarantined boys returned to our barracks before nightfall with the joyous tidings that we would now be allowed outside the gate—the quarantine had been lifted so that we could go to Bordeaux for Decoration Day—tomorrow.

The party was spoiled a bit by our going out to the range in the morning on Decoration Day and shooting some more. The firing battery and telephone detail did not get back until 2 P. M. and were just about in time to see their more lucky comrades go dashing for Bordeaux in two of the trench mortar trucks. A real party in Bordeaux all right, and most of us got in somebody else's truck in front of the "Y. M." at 9 P. M. without being invited to do so by the M. P.'s, and without being able to find the "P. S."

The hot weather continued right along and made muster particularly uncomfortable with blouses on. So somebody balled it up Friday afternoon and we had to do it over again to please the "majuh," Saturday, June 1st at 3 P. M., and that killed all chances of making another trip to Bordeaux. We also received 30 more horses and that

kept the drivers a little more occupied. The only pastime left to us now standing in line at the Y. M. C. A. to get a chance to buy enough oranges for the whole week and eat 'em all in one day.

Sunday, June 2d, white passes were issued, good for the towns of Bonneau, Isaac, St. Medard, Martignas and St. Jean d'Illac. Only non-coms and first-class privates received these cards, but what wouldn't a fellow do for a friend? And, naturally, everybody that wanted to visit the above "vin-joints" had a card. So, although in this first week of June drills were twice as hard, gas masks had to be worn twice as long, and the stables now meant four times as much work—who cared. In the evening there was always a good meal awaiting us at St. Jean d'Illac, with all the good vin and cherry brandy a man could drink, and pay for.

Monday, the 3d, we were roused at 4.15 A. M. for target practice on the range and did not return until 6.15 P. M. for supper. We fired 709 rounds and it was a hard day's work. The battery was pretty much all in after the long hike back in the thick hot sand, and everybody tumbled into their bunks early for a solid night's rest. On Tuesday, 22 casuals were assigned to the battery—not horses—casuals, including our famous Manwaren-Swada delegation. Regular routine continued in force and we began to realize the necessity of good long sleeping hours.

Thursday we fired all day on the range again, this time using shell-reduced.

Friday evening the boys were down to "four corners" in bunches as Saturday was a soft day, the usual drills in the morning and the mean-less-than-nothing gun competition in the P. M. Passes for Bordeaux were granted to a lucky few and a great many unlucky ones went along solely for companionship.

The flies around the camp now became a serious menace to the health of the soldiers. Day after day another batch of men would be sent to the hospital. An official count was made of the men suffering from dysentery by the first sergeant, and it was found that 62 were severely ill at this time in our one battery.

But a little thing like dysentery couldn't keep a man from going to Bordeaux, as Carl Schaeffer will testify, even if it was a trifle embarrassing to him and absolutely mystifying to his "lady friend."

The week of June 9-15 particular stress was laid by the signal detail on work with projectors, semaphore and wig-wag, stuff we never used at the front.

We were paid on the 11th for May, not so bad, and the rest of the week small egg omeletes consisting of eight to ten "oeufs" for one person were frequent and not alarming.

Wednesday, the 12th, was another early morning target practice at the range. We were routed out of bed at 4 A. M. We fired with reciprocal laying and used the quadrant for the first time in firing the pieces.

We had regimental guard on Friday and, of course, far be it from us to gossip, to wantonly tell tales about the officers in this logbook, but, being as the offenders were not our officers—this time—the above facts must be recorded. Our Private Goodwin, on guard Saturday from 1 A. M. to 3 A. M. at the officers' quarters, had considerable difficulty in maintaining quiet and order at the officers' luxurious

mess-halls and had to several times threaten to pinch the bunch. "Goody" was finally reconciled by getting a couple of swigs from the colored waiter, and patrolled his beat in peace until, as he reported to the corporal of the guard and to the O. D. on their rounds that there was no use of having a guard there. He had challenged a couple of officers approaching him and one lovingly assured him that he was "pure as a lily," and the other that he hadn't touched a drop, but couldn't find his house.

Saturday we again had target practice in the A. M. Passes were issued for Bordeaux. "Four corners" rapidly began losing its popularity now with the white card permitting us to visit Medard and Jean d'Illac. Of course, 50 per cent of each section had to remain around barracks to water the horses and attend to other details. The bunch that were off Saturday stayed at the Barracks Sunday, washed clothes and let the other fellows have a chance to get a sore head and an empty pocketbook.

Monday, the 17th, our regular routine was broken by everybody being called out (just before eating) at 11.30 A. M. to fight a fire on the range. No water, so we had to use sticks and shovels, and ask anybody if it wasn't real hard work. We got back at 5.30 P. M. starved and blackened, and cussing the world in general, as the water supply was turned off at 5.15 and we couldn't even wash up. Of course, there was the lake but we were too weary to walk 'way over there through the thick sands.

The Limoge party left today, consisting of 28 men, three corporals and one sergeant. They were gone for four weeks and the remainder of the battery always pitied the poor fellows "stuck" on this detail. But we didn't know at that time just how they were getting along or our pity might suddenly have changed to envy.

They were supposed to have been quarantined in a half cleaned stable in Limoge, but we are now assured no one ever slept there except the guard. Limoge will remain forever in the minds of those unfortunates as a place where money was not essential to have a good time. Everyone was broke, yet the French people treated them like lords. They had plenty to eat, all they wanted to drink and any French home was theirs. Corporal Michael Lyons has a particularly healthy smile when we ask him about Limoge, and we understand, from a little inside information, that he had a shade on everybody's. Pretty soft!

Working hours were short and consisted only in taking care of the horses as they were delivered to the regimental corral. A French soldier picked the mounts as they arrived, for the French outfits; and a French woman chose the horses for the Americans. We all agree she was a good picker—for the French army.

Before we go back to the battery news at Souge, the 4th of July dinner the boys received at Limoge, must be mentioned in all fairness to the French. They killed two pigs, served a wonderful meal and furnished their own champagne in honor of the day.

At Souge there was plenty of work for the drivers the week of June 16-22. The new French harness was received on Tuesday, the 18th, and Lieutenants Burden and Steis were quite occupied instructing the drivers in the proper application of same.

Thursday A. M. we were at the range and fired our first barrage

in practice. One of Battery B's guns blew up, killing two men and the boys' spirits were a bit dampened by the news of the accident. It was forgotten entirely the next day, however, and never has our confidence in the wonderful French 75's been shaken again.

Early Friday A. M. we were firing again on the range, gunners and numbers one riding their pieces carelessly. After one-half hour's practice word was received to cease firing as there was a fire on the range. We hiked five miles to fight it. It was two o'clock when the fire was finally checked and put out and we started back for the barracks. When in sight of it we were turned around and hiked again to the range. Completed our firing and then returned weary and foot-sore to our barracks to eat.

Saturday morning we had more target practice, and at last the reason was learned why the kitchen persistently arrived late with the mess. A man was despatched to locate them on the road and discovered that the kitchen force took the longest way 'round, far beyond the camp limits, in order to stop at the gin-mills and get a few drinks. We had the usual unsatisfactory battalion gun competition on the range in the P. M.

Sunday, the 23d, there were lots of passes to Bordeaux. There were only two or three trucks for the regiment and it was always necessary for half of us to get a lift on somebody else's truck going in probably as far as Medard, or walk there—five miles—and then take the dinky trolley line to Bordeaux for six cents.

Coming back the trucks were crowded beyond their limits. It was with God's own grace that we always managed to come through without a serious accident. The 9 P. M. trucks were one struggling mass of more or less fizzled humanity. Arms and legs were stuck out in all directions and men hung limply to any part of the truck body, seat, top, or tail-board, they could grab hold of. It was a sight that will linger forever in our memory. Waiting for the departure, crowds of French civilians surrounded the loaded trucks and the boys merrily sang the Star Spangled Banner, the Marseillaise, and the latest Broadway ragtime hits to them. With a lurch the car was off, its powerful motor throbbing restlessly under the strain of the heavy load. As the line of trucks swung through the streets of Bordeaux to the outskirts, headed for camp, store-keepers, villagers, old men and women, waved gleefully from doors and windows, to the happy singing American boys, who had left the best part of their month's pay in town without remorse.

We had target practice at the range every day this week, June 24-28 and in compliance with regimental order everyone had to wear his gas mask for one entire hour every day that week at a certain specified hour, no matter where he was or in what work he was engaged. It was a severe test as the weather was unbearably hot. Starkie, however, did it with ease. It was like eating pie to him. He had been in the habit of ducking out of the supply room and crawling into his bunk every day for the last month or so. He slept right through the morning and afternoon only getting up for mess. In order to keep the flies from disturbing his peaceful slumbers, he had tried sleeping with his gas mask on. It worked wonderfully, better than mosquito netting, and any time of the day when the flies were the

thickest and the heat the hottest Starkie could be found, his thoughts in dreamland and his face in his gas mask.

Friday, after target practice, a fire broke out on the range and was not extinguished until Saturday morning.

Saturday the guard at Bonneau fell to our battery and the boys who were stuck went down in anything but a happy, playful mood. The coolies there had just been paid and were pickled to the gills. So, naturally, whenever one of the above usually timid unmolested Chinks got pesky with one of our docile guards, or two Chinks would start a little Chateau-Thierry of their own in ninety-six different sharps and flats, our boys, just to give vent to their satisfaction at spending Saturday with them, instead of with friends in Bordeaux, and also to demonstrate how fervently we loved 'em, would belt a couple on the bean and then bump another one, about a mile away from the scene of trouble, for luck.

Sunday, the 30th, was muster. All the guns were cleaned. The sections of the battery, reorganized and horses assigned to certain drivers. Something was in the air.

The next day, July 1st, came the rumors of our departure for the front. We began to speculate, then to bet, on what front we were going. From what the papers said it looked as if they would only leave us where we were for another month, the Germans would move the front down to us, and so save our being transported 'way up to the battle line. But it probably wouldn't have been a safe procedure, so we began packing. Target practice went on as usual in the afternoon.

We received more horses Tuesday. Went out to the range after dark and had night firing. Quite a spectacle. We would call it a Fourth-of-July celebration with fireworks. Shrapnel was exploding at about a 50-mil height of burst and the flashes of the guns along the whole battalion front made one think of Coney Island.

Wednesday we unpacked to get ready to parade in Bordeaux tomorrow. The battery, consisting of the first gun crews—four pieces and the caissons—left at 2 P. M., just as it started raining. The boys were greatly disappointed when they pitched tents outside of Bordeaux at the old racetrack, and were not granted passes to town. Lieutenant Steis took Corporal Duckworth as interpreter to find water for the horses, and were the only lucky two. Duckie, with his usual ingenuity, managing to discover some good bottles of "vin" instead of locating plain water.

The battery paraded in Bordeaux 4th of July morning, along with the others, and then back to Camp Souge, arriving about nightfall. The rest of the boys who spent the day in Bordeaux on pass, and not in parade, had a wonderful joy-party celebrating over Declaration of Independence with more than the usual amount of cognac.

Friday, the 5th, was a perfect day. Lots of mail in and pay-day. We needed it.

Saturday was a fine day and quite a bunch of the boys went to Bordeaux to buy souvenirs for the folks back home, as we knew we were leaving soon.

Sunday morning we washed all soiled clothes, and got everything in readiness to leave. Captain Mitchell succeeded in getting a motor truck for the battery to take us to Bordeaux for the P. M. About

thirty of us had passes, yet more than seventy were aboard the truck as it swung through the gate of the camp going to town.

Monday morning bright and early our battery started cleaning out the gun parks, the officers' quarters and the stables for the entire 1st and 2d Battalion.

We then started cleaning up our own barracks. Brody was given a detail of burning up the piles of rubbish that the other bucks were carting out of our barracks. He displayed his usual cunning by bribing the two Chincks who were hanging around with two bags of "Bull-Durham" and a pack of cigarette papers, to do his work for him. He immediately retreated to the Y. M. C. A. and camped there all day while his two Chinks labored silently and diligently completing his job in a much more meritorious manner than Brody could have done.

John Bohannon, first sergeant, and Ben Jacobson, instrument corporal, managed to work Captain Mitchell for a pair of theatre passes to Bordeaux good until 1 A. M., in order to celebrate our departure for the front. They came back in a velvet-cushioned taxi to Souge and no sleep. The battery was awakened at 3.20 A. M., packs rolled, less than no breakfast, and all arrangements completed. We left Camp Souge at 7 A. M. Tuesday, July 9th, in a broken line of march—some on foot, some on horse, and others by motor truck. We entrained at Bonneau in two hours, even rigging up telephone lines along the whole train. We had mess at the station consisting of canned tomatoes and "willy" and other similar delicacies.

We left Bonneau at 1.15 P. M. and rode for 56 hours. It was another case of "couchez" in the hay in box cars but we were all happy. It wasn't half as bad as the trip from Brest to Bordeaux and the consolation of it all was that we almost lost Greenlee, our beloved mess sergeant. He fell off the train while it was in motion on the second day out and we all prayed while the train was being stopped and a detail was sent back to pick up the pieces. It was the closest call Battery F ever had to getting good mess.

The big burgs we passed through on this trip were:

Libourne, Mussidan, Perigueux, Limoges, St. Sebastian at (7.05 A. M., July 10), Chateauroux, Issoudun, Bourges, Sancerre, Clamecy, Mailly-la-ville, Chateau-villain (at 7.15 A. M., July 11), Bricon, Chaumont (at 9.15 A. M.), Langres, Culmont, Hortes, Barges, Passavant, Darney, Thaon, Vincey, Charmes, Bayon, Einvaux, Blainville, Luneville and Baccarat.

We reached Baccarat at 11 P. M. and detrained. We were alarmingly informed that it was only three kilometers to the front line trenches, and all precautions should be taken so as not to apprise the enemy of our arrival. We first of all unloaded the blue bags and took all helmets out, as we were assured the German aviators bombed the station every night and we needed the helmets for protection. Say, the war began to look serious! No lights were allowed, and we talked in whispers. The unloading progressed quietly and quickly and was completed at 1.30 A. M., and not a Boche plane in sight and not a shell had fallen.

Everything went along smoothly until we started off and then—woe be unto us—our rolling kitchen could be heard along those roads for

ten miles—klankety, klank, klank! We expected any minute a ton of shot to fall on us, but it never came.

We reached Bertrechamps about 3.30 A. M., watered the horses and rested up all morning. We made our "echelon" in the woods and in the afternoon drank a little "vin" in town and wrote our farewell letters home. We were going into firing position the following night. We left at 6 P. M., July 13th—the 3d and 4th guns only went up with the telephone, machine gun and camouflage detail. Reached our position about 1 A. M. in a black night and pouring rain. There was no sleep for anyone. Position was about 200 metres north of the road between Neuf Maison and Vacqueville. It rained all day and we got little chance to sleep. This was Sunday, July 14th, the French National holiday. We laid our first lines to E Battery and began camouflaging.

The 1st Platoon came up at night. There was more digging and no sleep for us.

Monday, the 15th, everything was quiet. The telephone men made their first trip to the dreadful "No Man's Land" and we had the pleasing and interesting sensation of watching the Boche aeroplanes overhead being shot at. Sergeant Dooley is the acting first sergeant at the gun position.

Tuesday we did more digging, as our pits didn't fit the elephant irons just so, and somebody thought we ought to change the line of fire. We also turned around our camouflage nets a few times for ditto reason.

Wednesday all day there was considerable aerial activity which lessened our working hours at digging—"It's an ill wind, etc." Also somebody discovered good champagne could be bought at the farm and the officers soon had three bottles. We finally received our revolvers and ammunition, and as soon as we got the chance we would go off somewhere and see how near we could come to hitting the side of a house.

Thursday, July 18th, the battery registered, and Corporal Spiegel was sent down to the infantry front line trenches as liaison agent. The Germans shelled the Peronne road last night and that put a stop to bringing the wagon-trains in by that roundabout way and somebody we know very well was not a bit sore that he could now get a little sleep.

Friday, the 19th, five men were detailed for instruction on handling the 60 and 95 mm. guns, made in 1882 and 1890, respectively. Communication with O. P. was very difficult to maintain (see Sergeant McKenna).

Saturday, the 20th, was a beautiful summer day with an occasional air battle to lend "atmosphere" and setting to this busy front.

Sunday we had nothing to do all day—"mirabile dictu." Even First Sergeant Bohanan at the echelon allowed everybody there 1½ hours off to go to Bertrechamps and wash clothes. Our blue bags were taken away today—never to be seen again.

On Monday night the second gun, under Sergeant Parlee, moved forward about two kilometers to the "pirate" position. It was dark and rainy and we had a lovely time getting in. The medico and assistant gas N. C. O. went along in case of need.

It rained all day Tuesday and the extra men dug two gun positions

in the wood directly in front of "Parlee" position. A lookout station was formed called "Madison" connecting the pirate gun to the main position which we called "Hunt" station.

Wednesday night Captain Mitchell mistook two trees for a couple of spies and ran around them in a circle hollering: "Halt! or I'll fire!" and would have shot, only he didn't have his gun.

Thursday, the 25th, Father Sheridan visited us and stayed over night. We sent Sergeant Tingle and five privates on detached service to Battery B, as their gun crews were quarantined.

Friday it was still raining. We lost Lieutenant Steis—transferred to the Gas Service. Sergeant Parlee left in the P. M. for Officers' Training School and Jacobson was put in charge of the pirate gun.

It rained heavily Saturday all day. We played the game of "Trial Barrage" on and off during the day and night. It was a hell of a lot of sport trying to see how fast you could get a shot off, but Schaeffer almost lost his life on one occasion at the pirate position while repairing the line to the aiming light. He was directly in front of the muzzle when the command "Fire" was given, and he saved his life only by dropping to the ground, getting his blouse badly scorched and his hearing somewhat jarred, not to mention anything about the fit Corporal Dupree had while trying to stop the piece from being fired.

Monday, the 29th, we all signed the payroll and also were deloused at Indian Village.

The night of Tuesday, the 30th, about 10 P. M., "Jerry" came over in one of his bombing planes and came very close to putting Battery F off the face of the map. He dropped three bombs in rapid succession from a very low altitude and they landed squarely among our shelter tents, one just narrowly missing Lieutenant Derby and Private Hundt at the telephone station and another barely escaping destroying our kitchen. It was a close call and nobody was injured at all.

Wednesday we received word that we break camp tomorrow and leave for a "regular" front. Our schooling was at an end—now for the big fight! Everything was being put into readiness and just while we were having dinner at 6.15 P. M., over came a shell, exploding in the woods right near us. It spoiled everybody's dinner and broke up the mess. Beans were thrown in all directions and the battery dove headlong into our huge dugout to await the next shell. We were then ordered to crawl to the other woods by No. 1 gun and sleep there.

At the pirate position the gas alarm was going all night, but we never even got one sniff of any gas. If the Germans were sending any gas over, all the harm it was doing was to keep us from getting any sleep.

Thursday, August 1st, the telephone lines were taken up, wagons packed with everything in sight, and the gas stores left behind. We were to pull out of positions at 11 P. M. and did so on the dot. The main battery under Lieutenant Derby met the pirate gun with Lieutenant Nissley at Vacqueville at midnight.

We travelled on the road all night and morning, passing through Vacqueville, Baccarat, Fontenoy, Domptail, St. Pierremont, and camping in woods near Magnières at 11 A. M. We caught a couple of hours' sleep, had a corned willy meal and hardtack and harnessed up again at 6 P. M. We waited in formation with our carriages until

12.30 A. M. before the regiment had pulled out of Magnières and we resumed our road march.

We again travelled all night passing through Bayon and arrived at Bainville at 8 A. M. It was tough, all right, and we were all more or less asleep on our horses, and at every halt along the march the boys who were walking would flop on the wet ground for a few minutes' sleep.

We were given billets in Bainville, sleeping on cots with hay mattresses, located in empty dwellings—upper lofts of occupied houses, and in stables and barns. In one particular billet the boys slept with a nice young pig as a companion, and the rooster and hens would come in and visit them occasionally and perch all over their beds.

We were the first American troops to be billeted in the town and we were treated excellently. They had wonderfully good beer, just like home, and any and every house woman would cook us up a corking good dinner for little money.

Sunday, the 4th, Sergeant Dooley appointed first sergeant. The articles of war were again read to us, but this time to the "non-coms" only and in an even, calm, but firm tone, each word hardly more than a whisper, but as clear and distinct and impressive as the chimes of an old church bell. And the crisis was passed. We loved and honored the reader of those words and our decision was as one man—we would all go through hell for him without a whimper.

Mass was held in the church next to the ruins of an old monument built in the 9th century, and in the P. M. we went bathing in the Moselle. Pat Kiernan went fishing with a bent pin, but had no luck as he forgot to put bait on his line.

Monday we had a good time. Little to do and we had lots of beer and good meals. Quite a bunch more had a bath in the river and to bed early, the cafes being closed at 8.30 P. M.

Tuesday, the 6th, we were ordered to move. We packed up and left Bainville at 5 P. M. Entrained at Charmes at 8 P. M. and the train pulled out at 11 P. M. Our line of travel was through Neufchâteau, Bar-le-duc, Revigny, Pargny, Vitny-le-Francois, Sompuis, Sommesons, Connantre, Sazanue, Esternay, Joiselle, St. Simeon, and arrived at Chailly-Boissy at 7 P. M. the next day, which was Wednesday, the 7th. We lost Lieutenant Derby at the last station before our destination was reached as our train had pulled out without him, but he came along all right on the next train.

We detrained at 10 P. M. and harnessed up our pretty sick horses. As we started our march No. 3 caisson held us up a bit by falling over the little bridge we had to cross and down into the "river" below. Luckily, the horses were not pulled in with it and more luckily they call any old mud puddle a river in France. Nobody was drowned and we were off again, marching all night until about 4 A. M., when we reached a little cluster of farm houses called Le petit-sur-nois (near Doux) and after tying the horses up to the picket lines, crawled in hay lofts and barns. We slept until 7.30. Were assigned to billets and then cleaned material. We are about 25 miles due east of Paris and about the same distance south of Chateau-Thierry.

During the night of August 8th the camouflage net on the 4th piece mysteriously caught fire and burned up and Masterson did a Paul Revere up and down the road on horseback yelling: "Fire!

"Fire"! While he was arousing the army to fight the flames, Farina, on guard at the time, was doing a hula-hula around the burning net, trying to put it out without scorching his hands.

Friday, the 9th, we packed up to move and then unpacked again. We had pistol practice in the P. M. and "Red" Hinds was almost winged.

Saturday, the 10th, we left at 3.20 P. M. and marched all the rest of the day and all night, passing through Coulommiers, Rebais and Sablonmieres. We made camp at 5.30 A. M. in the woods overlooking Chezy (sur-Marne) and as worn out as we were, we started right in cleaning material. Corporal Hovey fell asleep on the march while dismounted and lost his horse and his pack. Our corned willy tasted good to us today, and most of us took a swim in the Marne to refreshen us a bit.

Pulled out at 7 P. M. Passed through Chateau-Thierry at 10 P. M. and again kept going all night. At daybreak camped in woods north of Courpoil, called Forêt de Feré. It had been a scene of recent severe fighting and the spoils of battle lay on the grounds amid the newly dug graves of Americans and Huns. Quite a number of dead horses were strewn around and the stench was far from pleasant. We slept a bit, cleaned material and pulled out again at 7.30 P. M.

Arrived at 4 A. M., August 12th, at Foret de Nesle. Quentin Roosevelt's grave was about one kilometer away from our camp. Very near our watering place was Chateau Nesles, once visited by Joan of Arc and where Napoleon spent his honeymoon with Josephine.

We lost our kitchen and were out of luck until the next day for coffee or any warm food. The flies were terrible. There were millions of 'em round the camp. 80 per cent of the battery's effectives were down with a most severe dysentery, too weak to stand. It was now ascertained that this is to be our echelon and the guns go into position from here.

We slept in our shelter tents in the woods and it was a dizzy night. The Boche bombed the woods all around us from aeroplanes, and during the entire night we were kept awake by some damn fool gas alarms.

Wednesday, August 14th, after our kitchen arrived we were served rotten cabbage and it added another bunch to the sick list. Captain Mitchell was transferred to the Battalion Field Staff and Captain Delanoy assigned to our battery. As a protection from aeroplane bombs, everybody had to dig little graves about six inches deep, for themselves to sleep in at night. Towards evening the roar of the distant cannon increased gradually in intensity, as barrage after barrage was repeated and by dark the black skies were rent with ceaseless crimson jets of flame.

It was the "call of the wild," and our blood tingled with the excitement, the desire, the knowledge that tomorrow we'd be in it—the "Big Push"! And we gathered around the old battery quartet and sang those songs we loved so much. A dizzy night again, every half hour another false alarm for gas. Corporal Lasher almost had apoplexy when awakened by the gas claxon and he couldn't locate his gas mask under the caisson.

Thursday, the 15th, was a peach of a day, hot and sticky, perfect weather for flies. The picture will long remain with us that Lieuten-

ant Burden made at noon mess trying to eat bread and jam without getting it full of flies, by wrapping his head in a bundle of pink mosquito netting and sticking the jam under it, in his wild efforts to evade the hungry pests.

In the P. M. we were notified two guns were going into position. They left at 7 P. M., the first and second guns under Sergeants McHenry and Jacobson, and were led into position by Captain Delanoy and Lieutenant Nissley. There were clouds of dust along the road, the only place we ever encountered that so much heralded plague of the artillery.

The incessant rumble of the artillery on our left slowly became more and more distinct. A hell of a battle was going on in our adjacent sector. As we neared Chéry and passed through it, the Boche began shelling. There was quite a lot of sneezing gas in the air. We had to put our masks on and one piece not being able to see the turn in the road went straight on ahead towards the German lines till Nugent stopped it.

We relieved the 16th U. S. Artillery and no sooner had we gotten into position, packs hardly off our backs, than we got a call for "Barrage," and it was repeated several times throughout the night. It was our first real battle. Jerry was putting 'em over, too. Shells were falling all around us, but not within 300 yards, and he gave us plenty of sneezing gas.

The evening of August 16th the 2d platoon under Sergeants Tingle and McCormack escorted by Captain Derby arrived amid severe bombardment of Chery and the crossroads.

Our O. P. was on Lesprey Farm. Shells were falling continually round us and at night we got a good deal of mustard gas.

Saturday the telephone lines were heavily shelled by the Boche, causing continual work at repairing same. We had more gas on and off during the day and occasionally their vicious time H. E. high overhead. There were plenty of splinters flying about at all times and we were ordered to enlarge our two by two dugout so that ultimately everybody could sleep under ground. Lieutenant Derby told the telephone detail to deepen their dugout a bit and they immediately complied, but soon hit upon bones, and then ribs and finally a hoof. They found they had constructed their dugout right over the spot where someone had buried a horse, so they quickly threw back again a few inches of the newly disturbed earth on the dead horse, calmly lay their blankets down on top and let it go at that. It was easier than digging a new dugout.

Sunday, the 18th, we pulled off a couple of barrages before breakfast. More gas and continual shelling of the woods just to our right and the little farmhouse used as a first aid station about 500 yards in front of our position. We got quite a little gas at night.

Monday, the 19th, Captain Delanoy and Sergeant McKenna were wounded at the O. P. during a heavy shelling. We received our first American mail since Lorraine front. Captain Derby in charge of us now.

Thursday, the 20th, we did more than our usual firing and got more gas in return and more shelling all around us. At night we had our masks on from six to eight hours. We had been getting only two meals a day, breakfast anywhere from 8.30 to 10.30 and dinner about

2.30 to 4 P. M., according to when the ration cart arrived with the food. Captain Derby now arranged with the echelon to send us hot coffee and bread every night at 10 P. M. and it certainly was a blessing, providing we could get down to the wagon in time before the hash-hounds in the first section had grabbed all the eats.

Wednesday, the 21st, the battery had a good day, firing 700 rounds in all, 200 of which were gas shells—and we were happy. We were contented only when we were firing our pieces. Two of our guns kept up an harassing fire all night.

Thursday we continued the fire of the preceding night with about 600 rounds. Things began to look serious for us. Barrage calls from the infantry were getting frequent. From 9.30 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. we fired five barrages, and then began cutting our range down.

In the afternoon we got word of our counter-attack on a large scale and at 4.30 P. M. we opened the attack. There was not a moment's rest until 11.30 P. M., by which time our battery had fired 3,068 shots. Our guns were terribly hot, so hot that the paint blistered and boiled on the barrels.

At 12.10 A. M. we got orders to re-commence firing and with shortened ranges. We had to dig away the little mound of dirt on the edge of the machine gun trench in front of us to be able to fire at the required elevation and got to it eagerly. We fired all day Friday and up to midnight had gotten off 1,655 shots, a total of 4,723 rounds in 31½ hours of practically unbroken fire. One by one our guns were rested for 15 minutes and cooled by pouring buckets of cold water through the barrels. Everyone from buck to sergeant helped carry the ammunition from the road to the gun position.

Saturday, the 24th, we did our first firing at 12.05 A. M. There came a verbal call for barrage. We got six rounds off (per gun) and then the barrage was stopped by orders. Ten minutes later the call was repeated by telephone and we completed our barrage in quick order. We have since learned that the second barrage caught the Germans coming out of the trenches and cut them up severely. They had come to the attack thinking our first barrage had ended. All day we fired 759 rounds. We got more gas at night and it was raining. Chèry got heavy shelling as usual and six men were killed there in the Red Cross station. We gave the Germans harassing fire all night and felt better for it.

Sunday, the 25th, the battery had a soft day, 472 shots, spent in normal barrages, counter battery work and retaliatory fire. The night was cool and rainy and we had a gas attack for one hour. Benny Polack again carried coffee to Lieutenant Nissley at the O. P. at night. He fell in a straddle trench in the darkness on the way up and turned his job down, complaining to the lieutenant that he didn't want to do it again.

Monday we discovered that during the night the Boche had put 8 direct hits on the road between Chèry and on our position and had also knocked down the church steeple at Chèry. This was a busy day for the telephone detail.

Tuesday, the 27th, we continued our barrages and counter-battery work, firing a total of 592 shots. We repeated a normal barrage three times in rapid succession just after daybreak. At night we got mus-

tard gas, but were quite accustomed to it now and thought nothing of it.

Wednesday, the 28th, the boys at the echelon received their July pay. The firing battery got off 385 rounds and called it a day's work. But the telephone men had a busy time of it, day and night work on the lines and the boys had several narrow escapes from shells.

Thursday the firing battery received their pay, but there was no place to spend it. We amused ourselves with some counter-battery work—100 shots—for which we had to dig our heads off to get our anti-craft elevation. And then the officers would devise a scheme for winning the war by shooting 900 miles to the wrong side of our normal line of fire and we had to dig all over again and in solid rock, too. The 4th piece was particularly fortunate in having the good luck to strike solid granite to dig through. All four gun pits had enough rock, but the pit of the 4th piece resembled a stone quarry when they got through. In the evening Sergeant Schwitchenberg again came up with the fourgon wagon. This made his tenth successive night trip to our position and he has had some pretty close calls along the roads. The past few nights we had a beautifully clear moonlight and the drivers coming up from the echelon with chow and wire netting had anything but an enjoyable trip through gas and shell fire.

Friday, the 30th, we again had counter-battery work and one hour's gas. Last night two Camembert cheeses had come up in the wagon for one of the boys and by mistake had been put in the officers' dugout. Captain Derby spent a miserable night insisting that a rat or something worse had crawled into his quarters and died. In the morning the cheese was discovered and the Captain immediately got rid of it by dispatching one cheese to Lieutenant Nissley at the O. P. and the other to its proper owner.

It started raining early in the morning of Saturday, the 31st. We had barrages and counter-battery work, 245 rounds, and it was becoming more evident that the Boche gas was dwindling in frequency and strength. Corporal Hovey took the G. S. cart up with a German pill box to the O. P. under severe shelling, and he wasn't a bit sorry when he got back.

Sunday, September 1st, we fired our last normal barrage at 10.30 A. M., and then continued with counter-battery work. At about 2.30 P. M. we thought it was all over with us when Jerry started dropping shells right on top of us and our gun position. They had the exact range. The first one was a dud and hit squarely among us. It would have killed ten men had it gone off. There were six more that did explode, all within a radius of 25 yards of our guns. One fell in the 306th Machine Gun trench, 10 yards in front of us, killing three and wounding seven. That none of our battery was killed was a miracle. In a few minutes it was all over and our firing continued, as usual, totalling 350 rounds. Cheese and chocolate was received for our canteen and which we divided equally among the sections. At night the gas was very slight.

Monday, September 2d, we fired only 172 shots in counter-battery work and we had a chance to go down to the water trough and take a bath—while the Boche shells were breaking on the crest of the hill not far away.

A new position had been picked out for us yesterday in case of

renewed shelling of our present position, and camouflage nets set up. This morning it was discovered that a German 210 had gone through the net and tore a big hole in the ground just where our gun would have been. The boys at the echelon were entertained at night by the band of the 308th Engineers. Jerry broke up the party, however, by appearing on the scene in a war chariot and dropping a little confetti.

Tuesday, the 3d, we had counter-battery work—265 rounds and a little gas in the air. It was reported the Germans are beginning to retreat and they certainly made desperate but unsuccessful efforts to cover the movement of their troops by bringing down our observation balloons. Air fights had been frequent, but now the skies were speckled with bristling, sputtering machines and we witnessed some interesting battles. Fires were burning behind the German lines most of the night and we knew their retreat was imminent.

Wednesday, September 4th, we fired only in the morning, at long range, 72 shots. We received word about 3 P. M. to advance. The echelon broke camp and moved forward in twenty minutes. We left our excess equipment behind at the gun position and towards evening pulled our guns out and harnessed up. We remained all night in march formation in a drizzling cold rain, without any sleep. The roads were blocked and it was 3 A. M. when we started forward passing through St. Martin and Villa Savoy.

We crossed the Vesle at 5 A. M. (Thursday) and kept going. Everywhere was visible the "Price of Honor"—our unburied dead. They lay along the whole route, some terribly mangled, others as calm and serene as in sleep. We had a salmon and hardtack breakfast in an open field, rested for an hour as our horses had had a hell of a time pulling through the mud and shell holes in the roads and then continued on passing through Fismette under heavy shelling from the Boche. We remained in the open roads, broad daylight under continual observation by enemy aeroplanes until 2 P. M. We arrived at battery position about 6 P. M. and started digging. Moved a quarter of a mile to new battery position at 8 P. M. and began an all night shift of digging. Privates George and Carson were gassed in German dugouts and left for the hospital.

Friday, September 6th, the line was laid to the infantry trenches. We had our first hot meal in 48 hours. Somehow our kitchen always managed to get lost. It was some night. Jerry was upstairs dropping lights, star shells. He put one directly over us. Again we were saved by a miracle. He dropped his bombs just to the rear of us, between the echelon and our position.

Saturday the rain began and for a stretch of six successive days and nights it rained on and off—mostly on—us. Today was a veritable cloudburst, and everybody slept in the mud and water. Sergeant Bohanan was put in charge of the first section, while Sergeant McHenry was given his "Coney Island" barker job, acting as executive at the guns. For nearly a month we were short two officers. All the work devolved upon Captain Derby and Lieutenant Nissley to figure data and ranges. Our problems were such that called for instant computation. We tried to register, getting about 30 shots off, but observation was too difficult and it had to be given up for another day.

We were some army! We stole everything in sight, from a piece

of tin to the side of a house and got away with it by calling it "salvaging." Anything you'd see that you would like, just take it—it's yours—"salvaged." And maybe we didn't become experts in a short while! It was wonderful. Put a bunch of men out there in the barrenness and desolation of war-beridden France, leave 'em to their own initiative to find the necessities of life, and we don't know where it comes from, but they'll soon have everything that belongs to the comfort of a home, from a mattress to an egg-beater!

Sunday, the 8th, was still raining and the linemen had great difficulty in maintaining communication over the long lines to the infantry. We fired 316 rounds all day.

Monday, the 9th, we fired our barrages and did some counter-battery work, totalling 186 shots. The rain still kept up and it was a tough time trying to keep our sleeping quarters dry.

Tuesday we registered, the weather cleared a bit. One of the guns fired fifty semi-steel and never could the O. P. locate one of them. We got off a little counter-battery and harassing fire totalling 186 rounds. Lieutenants Taylor and Hill—regular fellows—joined the battery today. At night plenty of shelling on the crest just in front of us, and "beaucoup" rain all night.

Wednesday, the 11th, we fired 440 rounds getting our first normal barrage off at 7.30 P. M. There was lots of trouble on the lines again caused by shell fire.

Drivers had their share of the dirty work at this front, working day and night, bringing food and ammunition from the echelon up the steep slopes to our battery position under constant shell fire from the Germans.

Thursday, the 12th, we had more rain and more mud, fired 208 rounds during the day and got all the chance we wanted to sleep in the slush at night.

Friday, the 13th, and raining—but none of us got killed. Only 75 rounds today.

Saturday was a grand day. We did some real fighting again like the big day at Chery. Just before daybreak our guns opened up and fired for twelve hours without a let-up, the battery getting off 3,200 rounds. The weather favored us, too. It was the first sunny day in a week, and during the hurry call to the echelon for more ammunition, every available man, driver, spare cannoneer, or non-com—all did their damndest, passing the ammunition up the steep slope from the road to the gun position.

Sunday, the 15th, we learned we were going to be relieved for certain in the P. M. The combat train pulled out of the echelon at 3 P. M., starting back along the road through Fismes. While passing through the road the Huns began shelling just ahead of us. The carriages were turned around and had to come back through Fismes and go around by the other road. Some of the other batteries lost quite a few horses by shell fire, but again we had our streak of luck with us and no one was injured. The guns pulled out at 7 P. M. relieved by the Italians. We met the combat train along the road and travelled all night. Jerry bombed the roads in a wonderfully clear moonlight and again the regiment lost some horses. Passed through Fismes, Chery, Travegney, Coulouges and Cohan.

Just about daybreak of Monday, the 16th, we went into camp in the woods near Cierges. We got a few hours' sleep. We were paid for the month of August. Harnessed up at 6.30 and waited in woods. Pulled out at 10.30 P. M.

Had another all night march, going through Goussacourt, St. Geminee Passy. We crossed the Marne near Mareail le Port just after daybreak and camped in a stubblefield—Chene la Reins. Tuesday, the 17th, we spent the day there, packed up about 6 P. M. and then the order to leave was cancelled. Forty men with their packs were sent over to the headquarters detachment. We lay down to catch a little sleep just as it started to rain. Called at 2 A. M. (Wednesday) and began our march at 4 A. M. We were now passing through country unscathed by the war. Wonderful vineyards walled the roads, and the boys, tired, wan and thirsty, ate ravenously the handful of grapes taken on the march. It was well on towards noon that our weary horses were made to pull up to the top of the long, steep hill overlooking Avize, and we camped in the woods along the road. While the cooks were trying to prepare us some corned willy, most of us paid a visit to the town—Avize—and bought lots of eats and "vin." It was a real Champagne town and soon everybody was more or less drunk. Corporal Goodwin had somebody's goat for a while and John Foray slept in the cemetery all night. It was our first chance to get a drink since going to the front in August and the stuff had double effect as we were tired and empty-stomached.

We had a good night's sleep, though it rained continually and most of us did not have our shelter-halves pitched. We were aroused about 3.30 A. M.

Thursday, the 19th, turned all the carriages around a couple of times first in one direction and then in another and finally got going in the right direction at 5 A. M. It was necessary in order to hide our worn out uniforms and dilapidated appearance to don overcoats or slickers on the march before entering any towns. There was a long halt in Avize and when we started again we were a sight for the Gods. Every man was stocked to the limit of his carrying capacity with honest-to-goodness bread, sardines, cheese and champagne. It was another entire day's hike, the battalion losing the route. Reached our destination at 5 P. M. Camped in a large open field—Farm de Notre Dame (near Cheniers) and ten kilometers from Chalons. Sergeant Bohannon, still dizzy from Avize, right-dressed the tent-pitchers to the great amusement of everybody present. Wild and varied were the rumors afloat. Chalons was in all probability our rest camp. Huge barracks had been constructed for the housing of men and horses, and we would draw new uniforms and equipment, get baths there and have a good month's vacation in the city itself. We went to sleep happy—particularly that Captain Derby told us to throw away our aiming stakes and camouflage poles. We were not going to another front without a rest, as the pessimistic ones had preached.

Showers were frequent during the night and morning. We were aroused by bugle at 3.30 A. M. Had an early breakfast in the rain and on our way at 6 A. M. But we went directly away from Chalons. Something was wrong—and our dope changed into doubt. We made good time on the march and made camp in a field at La Cheppe about 2.30 P. M. Pitched tents and spent the rest of the afternoon cleaning

material and repacking wagons. We bought some real cats in the town, got a good night's sleep.

Up at 7 A. M. the next morning (Saturday, September 21st) and again repacked the wagons and cleaned material. We left our field at 3 P. M. and hiked through Pogny, Franceville, Coupyville, Le Fresno and reached Bussy-le-Repos at 2 A. M.

We camped in a little orchard in the village. It was raining cats and dogs and after daybreak some of us took refuge in a deserted Y. M. C. A. hut nearby and slept on the tables and floor. It was impossible to buy a thing in the village, reputed as the poorest town in France—in contrast to Avize, which we had but shortly left and was classed as one of the richest and cleanest towns in the country. We pulled out at 7 P. M. and marched all night in the pouring rain. We made camp at 5 A. M. in the thick woods alongside the road about one kilometer from Chatrices. Everybody was soaking wet, cold and hungry. The rain had gone through our slickers and our clothes were wringing wet. No one pitched tents—we were too tired. We contented ourselves with rolling in our blankets and shelter-halves, and threw ourselves on the ground, dead tired. After two or three hours' sleep the horses were groomed and then we had a joy party making pancakes for ourselves with the dough that Larue spoiled by knocking the can over. We were informed in a little speech by the B. C. that we were nearer the front than we had imagined and would go into position in the line direct from here. "Our rest is at an end," he said with a smile, and we heaved a sigh of relief. The front was better than this hiking. At 7 P. M. we started out marching and kept it up all night.

We passed through St. Menehould and arrived at battery position in the Argonne Forest at 6 A. M. (Tuesday, the 24th), near La Harazee. We were greeted with a warm reception by the Boche—the scream and bursting of the big shells round us celebrating our entrance into the Argonne front. We were given no time for sleep. To work at once, on our gun-pits, ammunition pit, and shelter trench. Luckily, we had any number of old French dugouts in the vicinity, and at night while half of the crews worked the others caught a few hours' sleep on their wet, cold blankets.

The next day was spent at hard labor enlarging our pits to their 1600-mill sweep and as soon as night set in every available man got to work with brand new axes borrowed from the engineers. By midnight we had cut down a good part of the Argonne forest, permitting us to fire from our position at the required short ranges. At our battery position, tired as everyone was, there was no chance to sleep after midnight. The battle was to open at 2.20 A. M. and ammunition was arriving every minute and had to be carried back from the road to the gun position. Everybody was stepping round lively. In the P. C. both Captain Derby and Lieutenant Nissley without sleep for 48 hours, broke down under the strain of ceaseless figuring and reconnaissance, and fell asleep across the little wooden table with the dim light of the low burning candle in the corner, and left Lieutenant Hill to figure his first barrage. At the last minute our battery received orders to cover the entire battalion section, which required a further shift of three hundred or more miles and while the section chiefs were going crazy trying to get the pits completed for the new laying, Lieutenant

Hill, watch in hand, emerged from the P. C. and after the preliminary caution that it was one minute to firing time, began: "Ready—Fire"! and not a gun responded. The first piece had slipped off the platform and rolled down into the trail pit and the second piece was busily engaged chopping down a tree about two feet thick that was only five feet away and directly in the path of our new line of fire. The third piece had its trail in the ammunition pit and the fourth was busy tearing down their beautifully constructed sandbag and log roof and walls, as it interfered with the muzzle of the gun.

The swearing that we indulged in for the next ten minutes before we got firing was good for our constitutions, but not very good for our souls. Our guns started. At about the same time Hell itself was turned loose on earth. The battle that was to put our division forever in history—the Argonne—was on its way—opened by the "Million Dollar Barrage." The noise was so terrific that one had to holler at the top of his voice to the man standing next to him to make himself heard. The first shot from McHenry's piece carried away the frog telephone line that had been put up during the night directly in front of his piece.

We fired without a break from 2.40 A. M. to 3.30 P. M., getting off 2,725 rounds. As the morning went on and the rate of fire decreased, the exhausted crews were given a chance of getting a couple of hours' sleep.

In the P. M., after waiting impatiently for the limbers to come up from the echelon, the 2d platoon went forward with Lieutenants Nissley and Taylor. Passed through La Harassee and up a steep hill to the east of it. Lieutenant Nissley had no map on hand and the two guns had moved unbeknown to him, to within 2,000 yards of our front line. We slept all night on the ground by the pieces while waiting for orders—with machine guns and snipers' bullets occasionally whizzing by. The G. S. cart from the echelon had failed to reach us with food, and all we had was three hardtacks apiece before going to sleep. Lieutenant Nissley took a little joy trip with Ken Miller to the infantry trenches to get our targets from the major. They had an exciting time crawling back through mud, barbed wire and machine gun fire, and if it had not been for Miller the chances are neither would have gotten back alive.

Sergeant Smith left us to attend Officers' Training School.

In the morning of the 27th, Friday, while the 1st platoon was getting off 586 rounds, the crews of the 2d platoon were trying to grub a little food from the infantry kitchens that lined the road at La Harassee. The 1st platoon pulled out of position about 4.30 P. M. and moved forward to a new position among the dead trees just to the east of Le Four de Paris. The 2d platoon was unable to fire from its position on account of the heavy forest, and late at night was ordered back to the other guns. They joined the battery about 3 A. M. It was a hell of a position for our guns. The ground was spotted with shell holes two yards apart, and in trying to pull the pieces into position, one of Corporal Spenzola's white horses fell into a shell crater and simply would not try to get out. The poor horse was dead tired, and as this was his first chance to rest in a long while, he was contented to choose the comfort of lying in a shell hole to standing up in harness. We fired 145 shots during the day here.

Sunday, the 29th, we had some barrages and harassing fire, totaling 684 shots. The scarcity of horses was now beginning to be felt. Half of the stuff that we had to leave behind yesterday was brought up only this P. M. and the few good horses we did have we worked to death hauling ammunition. We also received a little new clothing today—we were badly in need of it.

Monday, the 30th, our limbers and horses were up to battery position at daybreak. We rolled packs, pulled our guns out from among the shell holes to the road, everything put in readiness to move forward, and then the order was cancelled. This stunt was repeated at odd intervals during the day. And every time the darn order to move was cancelled we had to rush our guns back in position and rip off a dozen or two rounds at some pesky machine gun nest that was holding up the advance. During this game of "tag, you're it," the 3d piece was always the winner, being the first gun in the battalion to report in firing position and "in order," due principally to the physical efforts of Lieutenant Taylor.

We remained in this position exactly one week more. It was during this week that the "Lost Battalion" of the 307th and 308th were sticking it out in their death trap, and every day from Monday, September 30th to Sunday, October 6th, it was practically day and night firing, barrage and zone firing and exterminating fire on machine gun nests. There was little rest for anyone these seven days, firing in all a total of 4,516 rounds for the battery. We had plenty of rain, too, which didn't make things a bit pleasant, as our dugouts would have an inch or two of water in the bottoms. The mud and slush on the long narrow staircases made it easy for anyone to slip and fall in it.

Our fire was particularly accurate and destructive and was instrumental in bringing upon our heads two letters of commendation, one from the Corps Commander to the Division Commander and another from the Regimental C. O. to the Battery Commander, which bore the Major's personal endorsement and commendation. Both of these documents are reproduced in the appendix page.

Back at the echelon our horses were dying so fast that First Sergeant Dooley had to appoint someone to handle the job of burying them. Corporal Hovey was elected official undertaker and his detail of grave-diggers had plenty of work.

But outside of burying horses and grooming those that weren't quite ready to be buried, echelon life was not so bad at that time. Banquets and champagne dinners were often held in the little elephant-ironed orderly room and some of our purely local talent would help to entertain the guests while the crash and roar of the bursting shells and booming guns would be drowned in laughter and songs.

October 6th, Lieutenant Hill left us to join the infantry as our liaison officer. Varied and exciting have been his adventures, in that capacity, but he never tells of his many close calls to death. We have tried to get the personal side of his story from him, but all we could learn was, to put it in his own language, that he "ran all over France, and got damn good and wet."

The night of October 6th the firing battery moved to Vienne le Chateau, better known to us as "German Village." We pulled into position about 3 A. M. October 7th in a dark night and the pieces had to be manhandled three or four hundred yards through soft, muddy

soil covered with shell holes half full of water. In trying to bring in one of the fourgon wagons over the narrow plank bridge that spanned an old trench in front of our position, at Lieutenant Nissley's suggestion, the lead and swing teams were changed, and the wagon promptly fell overboard into the ditch pulling the off horse with it. Lieutenant Nissley admitted, for the first time, that he was wrong, and Sergeant Shwitchenberg went ahead with the rest of the train.

When daylight came we discovered our position was a "cuckoo." Wonderful German dugouts nearby made of solid concrete and iron with electric lights, stoves and even bath tubs. We dug our gun-pits and lay in a store of ammunition. But in the three days we were here we did not fire a shot—the Boche kept pulling out of range.

Tuesday we all took baths in the German bath tubs—real hot water. Lordy! what wonders a little water can do! It began to rain pitchforks at night, so, naturally, even though we didn't fire, they had the section-chiefs get up and report to the P. C. a couple of times in the downpour. It was unbelievably dark, and the P. C. could only be found by wandering around about fifteen minutes floundering in the mud, and then for consolation the sergeants would get hell for taking so long to report.

Peace rumors were afloat Wednesday, the 9th, and the boys were beginning to believe them. Got ready to move forward at 5 P. M. and the order was cancelled at the last minute. There were several "peace celebrations" that night, the one of the most social prominence being held in Sergeant Anderson's dugout (please take note, he always had a dugout) and the invited guests and entertainers consisted of Corporals "L. I. Farmer" Horton and "Shoe Lace" Spiegel, and Sergeants "Black Jack" McHenry, "Whizz-Bang" Garry and "Silk" Jacobson. Said party lasted until 11.30 P. M., whereupon the guests went to sleep on the hard but inviting floor.

Thursday we were aroused at 4.30 A. M. Had a wee bite and pulled out. Travelled all day along shell-torn and muddy roads. German signs painted in big black letters on huge board frames confronted us on all sides. The Boche had left here only yesterday and the roads and underbrush were spotted with dead Frenchmen. We pulled into position near Lancon late in the afternoon, laid our pieces and to bed at 8 P. M., pitching our shelter tents in the camouflage of a little wood, while the Boche were shelling about a half mile to the right of us.

Before dawn on Friday, the 11th, the first platoon went forward with Lieutenant Nissley on his famous "pigeon shooting" contest. After having been assured by some American infantry colonel that the guns could go right on into Grand Pre, he learned from a French officer that the Americans had not yet succeeded in even crossing the river. After some close shaves the two guns were gotten into position and in the week they stayed there did some of the most remarkable shooting in the war, bringing forth high comment upon this successful undertaking.

The second platoon under Captain Derby pulled up a steep hill to within 3,000 meters of our front line, a bit S. W. of Grand Pre. The Boche was 'way in on our left flank and there was "beaucoup" machine gun fire on the hill directly to our left. Big shells were dropping by the carload. Shelter tents were pitched in the pouring rain and the crews worked in shifts all night digging a safety trench.

Both platoons stayed in their respective positions exactly one week, until the evening of October 17th. The firing was mainly at special targets, such as the church steeple in Grand Pre, German trucks and wagon trains along the roads, and exterminating fire on machine gun positions.

Captain Prentiss, in command of a machine gun battalion, visited Captain Derby the night of October 12th and brought rumors of Germany's consent to withdraw to the Rhine and sign peace.

We managed to salvage two nice new camp telephones that belonged to somebody else, but it helped the battery out of a hole.

Lieutenant Hill lost everything he owned and over and above that, Captain Derby's overcoat, while advancing with the infantry. He tried to salvage some blankets to keep warm at night from the bodies of dead Frenchmen lying around, but found the blankets were about the size of table napkins. Finally he succeeded in getting a good one out of a German pack.

The morning of October 14th Private Whitman, while acting as runner to the infantry, had both legs blown off during a violent gas attack. Gormley, who was with him, removed his mask to give Whitman "first aid" and carried him to a place of shelter. Gormley was gassed seriously in saving his friend and later was himself taken to the hospital, receiving a divisional citation for his brave conduct. The same day, during some three hours' steady fire, the 4th piece, under Sergeant McCormack, blew up. Again Battery F had its marvelous luck with it, and by a miracle no one was even so much as scratched.

Tuesday, the 15th, we received a sweet, comforting little note which read to the effect that we should not believe the war is over, but to fight our damndest to bring it to a close before winter sets in. The 3d gun being alone in our main battery position, we received orders to put it in position in Battery D's line, as they were also short two guns. This left all the shooting to our 1st platoon, but they made up for the missing pieces. The telephone detail had the extreme delight here of having a French caisson come across the field and roll up about 500 metres of their line to the Battalion O. P., which had to be immediately replaced while firing was going on. It is worthy of mention to say Corporal Schaeffer stated that he counted 15 splices in this line on the last day, all of which were bare, owing to the impossibility of procuring tape, and that part of the line was composed of captured German wire. From this we might gather an inkling of the trials and difficulties that befell our plucky, resourceful crew of telephonists and linesmen. Quite a bunch of gas was being sent over by the Germans and a few G. I. cans came down pretty close. But we did no digging. It was pouring rain and we lay in our little pup tents, laughing and smoking as it was raining too hard for aeroplanes. We even lit candles at night. Nothing could dampen our wonderful cheerfulness.

Thursday, the 17th, we tried to dry out our blankets and other things with the help of small bonfires. We were relieved in the evening by the 78th Division.

The 1st platoon went on ahead of the 3d piece, which followed in Battery D's line of march and all three sections met at our echelon near La Harasee. It was a tough night. It was raining, ice cold and the roads were filled with slush. We hiked for ten long hours—most of us with packs, and only a short halt along the road. We waited,

shivering and wet, while the echelon was roused and packed up, and when the captain got through fuming, we renewed our march just as day was breaking. We made our camp near La Chalade at 8 A. M., making it a hike of nearly 32 kilometers over night. Those of us who didn't have to go back with the teams to help move up the echelon, or start the kitchen work, threw our wet blankets on the ground, and rolled into them for two hours' sleep. There was nothing but corned willy to eat all day. We were assigned to numerous little dugouts in the edge of the forest, and the boys were asleep by 6 P. M.

Saturday, the 19th, we had reveille at 6.30 A. M., first in months. We immediately got to work after our corned willy and coffee breakfast cleaning material, grooming and feeding horses and checking personal equipment. Our battery canteen opened in the afternoon, and we bought lots of wonderful stuff—Camembert, butter, sardines, cigars and cigarettes. Again we pulled under the cover early—7 P. M., finding everybody in bed except the luckless guards.

Sunday, the 20th, we got out in a pouring rain to hold reveille. Lieutenants Nissley and Taylor left on their furlough at 2 P. M. Three guns, the 1st, 2d and 3d pieces, left for overhauling at the Ordnance Department. Three men of each section accompanied the guns and hiked in the rain to Les Iselettes. Got pretty good meals there and a nice room and bunk to sleep in. They returned at noon Tuesday, the 20th, to the battery and found the battery getting deloused and new equipment issued. It was just dark enough in the evening when Battery F's turn came to take its shower bath of twenty drops of cold water to enable those who had stood in line naked and shivering in the open to duck back in the woods and don their new underclothes without enjoying the "mock" shower bath.

Wednesday, the 23d, after reveille, we had close order drill, gas drill, inspections and other things that make a soldier "having his rest" wish so hard he was back again at the front.

The Liberty Players gave two shows at the big stone church Wednesday afternoon and evening. The night performance was interrupted by one of Jerry's air raids. While the anti-craft were popping away the lights were doused in the church. In about fifteen minutes the hum of Jerry's engines had ceased, lights were put on again and the show continued.

Thursday, the 24th, we were notified we are going to move. Not for our expected rest—but back to the line. The order was cancelled at dark and we had to unroll our packs and sleep in our old holes. The canteen sold lots of stuff today, and we laid in a stock of cheese, sardines and honest-to-God real candy.

Reveille Friday, the 25th, and same pleasant routine in the morning, and turned in our saddle bags. At noon mess we were notified to move out immediately for the front. Orders issued for everybody to carry packs. We hiked till an hour after dark and then echeloned in a brambly wood just as it started to rain. Pitched our shelter halves and got a bite of cold corned willy, bread and no coffee.

At 4 A. M. Saturday, October 26th, the four section chiefs and three men of each gun crew along with the camouflage detail were awakened to go forward to our new firing position. It was cold and dark, still raining, and with a little coffee and bacon as a starter we hiked all day until 2 P. M., the main battery following close behind

the advance detail and echeloning at Chatel-Chehèry. The firing battery went into position late in the afternoon in a weeded, muddy hollow, halfway between Connay and Marcq—a perfect gas trap. The gun crews bummed some good mess from the 60th C. A. kitchen, about five hundred yards from our position. Work was started at digging our gun-pits and trail logs gathered in. Corporal Kehoe, Labreque and others of the camouflage squad worked laboriously getting our covering up, as secrecy of our position was the one big thing. The drive was planned to start in four or five days and our safety and the success of the undertaking lay mainly in our keeping the enemy unaware of the arrival of new forces.

Late at night we knocked off work and scattered around, blankets in arms, to find a spot that was dry enough to lay down on. Captain Derby and Lieutenant Hill arrived early next morning (about 4.30 A. M. Sunday, October 27th) and couldn't find a soul. The sleepers were well camouflaged, a bit higher up on the slope of the hill back of us, and got hell because they didn't sleep on the wet mud alongside of the gun pits as directed. Ammunition pits and gun pits were completed during the day, and our well camouflaged shelter tents were put up over our shallow safety trenches dug slightly up the side of the hill. We fired 35 shots in registering the battery.

Monday, the 28th, we were up at daybreak, and at it again. Sandbags arrived and we began building our protection around the gun-pits as the ground is so water-soaked that we can't dig in. We strike water at 18 to 20 inches down. This is a fine mud-hole. Jerry threw quite a few shells over today bursting all around us and getting a bunch of "frog" horses.

Tuesday, the 29th, the detail was busy changing our P. C. about five times, and finally settled the matter by getting a fourgon wagon sunk into the ground about 200 yards directly to the rear of No. 4 piece. Our forward O. P. is just over the edge of the crest in front of us overlooking the German front lines, and we can get a good view of the coming battle ground. Wednesday, the 30th, the battery fired 153 shots between 4 and 6 A. M. on some trench system for which the data was received shortly after midnight. We took turns during the day was received shortly after midnight. We took turns during the day going over to the 78th delousing station and taking a hot shower bath that was the nearest thing to home in some time. The Salvation Army kitchen at Chatel-Chehery celebrated Hallowe'en this evening, one night before time, as they expected the big drive to start any minute, and the boys wouldn't have the opportunity to stop and take a bite. Hot chocolate and crackers and home-made fudge made the evening a tempting one to the boys of our echelon and they were all present, swapping rumors with a battalion of infantry which the Salvation Army had stopped on its way to the trenches and was loading up with crackers, nuts and fudge. This happy spot became a regular hang-out for the echelon and whenever the first sergeant wanted a detail to carry ammunition to the gun position it was necessary to send down to the Salvation Army for them.

Thursday, the 31st, we repeated our fire of yesterday between 4 and 6 A. M. There was an aeroplane bombardment with American propaganda on the German lines telling the Huns that their fight was

useless. Some of the circulars fell among us and we had a hot time trying to read the German print.

Our aiming stake light gave us particular trouble at this stage of the game on account of the poor batteries. Carl Schaeffer, the Thomas Edison of the telephone detail, put his perpetual-motion energy to work and his new contrivance kept things right.

Our liaison officer was ordered to report to the infantry at once. Lieutenant Hill, sick for the last few days, was all in, but he refused to let Lieutenant Taylor take his place, and finally succeeded in getting Captain Derby to consent to his going in the condition he was in. The runner detail Lieutenant Hill took with him consisted of Privates Brody, Frances, Gottlieb and Forund.

November 1st, Friday, at 3.30 A. M., the last big drive began with sixty gas shells per gun. French and American guns were massed together for the final assault and the sky was ablaze with artillery fire. We pitched in with H. E. at 3.50 A. M. and kept at it all morning and afternoon, our battery getting off 1,444 rounds before firing was suspended in the late P. M. During the night Jerry shelled the top of the crests surrounding us with gas and H. E. and dropped several big ones into the basin where we were without getting any of us.

Saturday, the 2d, we began firing at 5:50 A. M. Repeated the data of the day before on the "L" shaped trench system of the Germans. Our infantry then went forward in a gallop, the left flank of the Germans now falling back. Our limbers came up shortly after noon, and at 4 P. M. we pulled out in a pouring rain. The roads were terribly blocked and it took us all night, cold and wet, to go about twelve kilometers. We passed through Marcq, St. Juvin and Champignuelle, crossing the Aire on a pontoon hastily constructed by the engineers. Big fires were burning along the roads, barns, stores and supplies set on fire by the retreating Germans, and at our frequent halts we tried to dry our wringing wet shoes and clothes. We pulled off the road at 3.30 A. M. (Sunday) and rested up the horses. We lay down in the mud and slept until 5.30 A. M., daylight, and then had a little cold coffee and hardtack. At 6 A. M. Lieutenant Nissley and twenty-five drivers with their teams left the battery to be attached temporarily to the 1st Battalion. The regiment was so seriously short of horses and the Germans retreating so rapidly that the only hope of our catching them was by the means of leaving one battalion behind and using the good horses of both battalions to get at least some of the guns going after them.

We hiked two kilometers more taking about five hours to make it along the congested roads. We were hungry as wolves and in passing some wonderfully cultivated fields the Germans had left behind untouched, we gathered and ate raw turnips and carrots. We pulled into Verpel about noon and had the same rations for dinner and super as we had for breakfast. Pitched tents and we were in our couches at 6 P. M.

We woke up Monday morning to find it pouring rain again. The echelon moved up today and there was quite a commotion in the battery over our being turned into an ammunition train because of the lack of horses. Cleaned material all afternoon and also some filthy billets the Germans had left behind, spotted here and there with their dead.

The next day, Tuesday, the 5th, we moved into the billets, as it is continually raining and cold. Another bunch of our boys left to go forward as ammunition carriers.

The rain was violent during the night and early Wednesday morning, and through the shell holes in our roof, water poured in on our sleeping quarters. Everything was soaking wet. Time hung heavy. These were the anxious days at the S. O. S., awaiting news from the front. Mysteriously several decks of cards made their appearance in our midst and we began a series of high-powered, beaucoup franc, black-jack games that would have made many a Wall Street banker sit up and take notice.

Thursday, the 7th, we were up at 4.30, breakfasted 5.15. Made our packs, put 'em on our backs and moved forward at 9 A. M. All the horses in the 2d Battalion were used to pull the guns alone. We hiked all day without a rest or any food, passing through Thenorgues, Buzancy, Harricourt, Sommanthe and at 5 P. M. pulled to the very top of a steep hill at St. Pierremont. All along our march the roads were littered with dead horses, German guns and ammunition dumps, left behind in their retreat. We pitched tent in the rain, had a bite, and pulled under the covers.

The next day we moved into billets in the town and began cleaning out stables, barns, etc. We had only corned willy and coffee to eat, and to help matters it was still pouring rain.

Saturday, November 9th, was the same, cleaning out some more stables and raining all day. Rumors of an armistice with Germany expected within two weeks.

Sunday, the 10th, still raining and still the same poor meals. No rations in sight and we are limited to a quarter loaf of bread per man for all day. No coffee and only corned willy served with a ration of water. More rumors of cessation of hostilities, but the guns still firing to our right flank.

During the morning of Monday, the 11th, it was officially rumored that the armistice is signed. Nobody believed it. During the afternoon we heard that the wireless station was receiving the different paragraphs of the signed documents, but still we would not believe it.

Tuesday, November 12th, we received official notice of the armistice. The surprising thing was how easily we all took the news, due, no doubt, to the fact that it was hard to believe, hard to realize that it was all over. We immediately began betting as to when we would get home. It was rumored in the afternoon that Major General Alexander promised the 77th Division to be on board ship December 2d and home for Christmas. Quite a riot over the good news, in spite of everybody doubting it. Beastly cold today and we had to move out of our billets into the open field in shelter tents as the town had been given over to the 305th Infantry. After dark we made a systematic search of the town for lumber to make a big bonfire on the top of the hill. We sat around the glowing fire and as our wood gave out we proceeded to burn up all the chairs in St. Pierremont, wooden, plush and otherwise.

Wednesday and Thursday we were up at 6.15 in the coldest weather we've hit in France. Heard that the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 32d and 42d Divisions remain as the American Army of Occupation and that the 77th sails for the U. S. A. about December 4th. Captain Derby went down

to the divisional ration dump. He procured a 50-pound sack of coffee and between a balky horse and a leaky sack he had to get off, hold the leaking bag with one hand and walk or half drag his mount all the way back to St. Pierremont. We had check roll call at night at which the captain had to identify every man personally and account for all the missing.

Friday, the 15th, we were up at 4.30 A. M. and after a nice bite of breakfast, harnessed up our pieces. Pulled out of St. Pierremont. Hiked through Sommanthe to a little group of farmhouses called War-niforet, about three kilometers from Beaumont. We were billeted in the houses, stables and barns, and after having nothing to eat all day had a really good meal for supper. Our men who had gone up as the 1st Battalion ammunition train and the runners with Lieutenant Hill met us here.

Saturday, the 16th, we began close order drill. Major Wamvig made quite a speech to us on the road about parading. He intimated our being in New York soon, and lots of money changed hands on bets of our being home for Christmas.

We had to send eleven men away to the 2d Division going to Germany. The captain did the square thing of drawing lots among the men who had no allottees, and the ones to get stuck were Bill Cheney, Red Hinds, Benny Polack, Mottig, Rees, Joseph Williams, Lane, Quigley, Chapa, Hewitt, Wendolowski. Everybody felt badly over the breaking up of the old bunch, and some of the boys shook hands with tears in their eyes.

Sunday was a real day—no formation. The rumor now is that we hike to Grand Pre, entrain for Chaumont, parade in Paris and then go to our seaport. We were pulled out of bed at 9.30 P. M. to be paid off.

Monday and Tuesday we had plenty of close order drill. Turned in all our horses Monday and Tuesday, sent away all our guns, limbers, caissons and carriages to Grand Pre, drawn by motor truck. A loading detail went along and Sergeant Meagher turned in some fire control instruments to the division salvage agent for which he was almost courtmartialed.

Wednesday, the 20th, the battery was up at 4.30, breakfasted at 5.15 and moved out at 7.30 A. M. Everybody carried their full packs. Hiked through Sommanthe, Harricourt, Buzancy, stopping for lunch, consisting of one hardtack and a cup of coffee. Our packs were put in trucks at Buzancy and we raced the rest of the way on foot, through Verpel and on to Beffu. Lieutenant Nissley set a terrific pace and as cold as it was, our cooties got a turkish bath. It was just 6 P. M. when we reached Beffu and we had covered 32 kilometers since morning. After a piece of bread and a cup of coffee, we made our bunks in the few buildings left standing but which were well ventilated by shell holes.

Had terrible feed Thursday, nothing but corned willy and no bread. We moved out at 1.30 P. M. going about two kilometers to Le Mort Homme. We got pretty nice billets and anchored in them eagerly.

Friday, the 22d, we held a race among the batteries of the 2d Battalion for a case of oatmeal. Eddie Lynch fell down when Battery F had the race won, and we ate corned willy the next morning.

Saturday, the 23d, we went out on a hike and were shown how thoroughly our battery alone had shot up and demolished several farm-

houses and special targets around Grand Pre. Held retreat with the battalion and a review by the major.

Sunday morning after breakfast we hiked the four kilometers to Grand Pre to get a bath. Nothing doing—the boilers not working. Got soap and pajamas at the Red Cross. What the hell are we going to do with pajamas? Everybody sent cablegrams home from the Red Cross, sending Thanksgiving greetings and saying we would be home for Christmas. There was a big flapjack game in the evening and McHenry was caught in the wreck.

Monday the drizzle of yesterday turned into regular rain, and Lieutenant Taylor took us out for a hike in the mud for a couple of hours. When we got back the room where the firing sergeants slept was a picture. The rain had come through the shell-torn roof, through the telephone detail's room upstairs and down into their quarter. Whenever anyone walked around upstairs a load of dirt would come down from the ceiling above the sergeants and bunks, blankets, floors looked like a trail pit in frog-hollow.

It was still raining Tuesday, the 26th, so we naturally took another hike. Had some physical exercises in the P. M. At night there was a "klu-klux klan" meeting in the "sergeants'" room with Jake Goodman, Jimmie Ecock and Sergeant Dooley. It broke up in a riot.

Wednesday, the 27th, more rain. All sorts of colonels, lieutenant-colonels and majors visited us in three autos. There was an inspection of billets and now we know we are going home. Sergeant Schwitschenberg chopped his foot pretty severely with an axe. A dizzy night of entertainment with "Whizz-bang" Garry.

Thursday, the 28th, was Thanksgiving Day. Pouring rain. No formations. We had a peach of a dinner. Lamb fricasse, mashed potatoes, dumplings, rice pudding extraordinaire with real nuts and raisins in it, apricot pie, coffee, bread, a piece of cheese, chocolate and a cigar for each one. Thanksgiving was celebrated till a late hour at night in all billets. The rain poured in on top of us on our bunks all night, and many of us slept in our raincoats.

Lieutenant Nissley, at the officers' mess, was informed at Thanksgiving breakfast by the cook that a bountiful supply of eggs had been received. "Niss" ordered some for himself. Toot-de-sweet! The major immediately after this entered the room and joined the officer at the table.

"Good morning, Major," said Lieutenant Nissley, getting up and gleefully rubbing his hands. "You're just in time. I just ordered some eggs for myself. Shall I order some for you?"

"There'll be no eggs this morning, Nissley. Just cancel that order for yourself," the Major gruffly responded.

"Bring me another plate of hash, Fox," said the Lieutenant hungrily.

Friday and Saturday it was still raining. It cleared up a bit Saturday P. M. and Lieutenant Taylor had the battery out in the field playing such games as "Whip," "Bounce 'em up," and the race with three hop-straddle jumps. At night we tied up our section blanket-rolls and put them outdoors expecting an order to move.

Sunday, December 1st, we were called at 4 A. M. Had breakfast in the dark, rolled our packs by candle light, and at 5.40 A. M. were on the march to Grand Pre. It was freezing cold. We built huge bon-

fires at Grand Pre. Hung around without mess until 1 P. M. Were then carried by motor trucks to an old German camp called Saalburg at Autrey. Brought our guns and carriages down to the station at Autry, tied behind trucks. Had a feed at 6.30 P. M., and lay down in crummy straw bunks in the prison camp.

It was a restless and cold night. We were pulled out of our bunks at 4 A. M., but did not begin loading material until 10 A. M. Finished in quick order. We left Autry at 1 P. M. in U. S. A. box cars. Seventy men to the car with packs and rations, yet we were all in good spirits. Not a wink of sleep all night for anyone. We were piled on top of one another, cramped and freezing cold. We were stiff in every limb by morning.

We detrained at Latrecy 6 A. M. (Tuesday, the 3d). Had breakfast on the station in a pouring rain. Somebody discovered the Cafe de la Gare had Hennessy Triple Star Cognac in bottles, and it was flowing like water in short order. Nearly 200 bottles were sold to the regiment before the colonel of the M. P.'s got wise and closed the cafe up. We hiked about 13 kilometers to Arc-en-Barrois, without packs, thank the Lord, and what members of the battery did survive the march, pulled into Arc-en-Barrois pickled, canned or stewed. It was a banner day for alcoholics in the history of Battery F. We were assigned to bunks in wooden barracks placed neatly in a thick, boggy mud basin. It was a small but inviting town and we sailed out again in search of elixirs to ease the stiffness of our joints and smooth out the wrinkles in our frozen stomachs. There followed two days of unrestricted drinking, so long as the joy-rider could pilot himself to port—and the orders to the Provost Guard were to let joy be unconfined these first three days after our arrival. It was our first chance to get something to drink since we hit the front, and the excitement of being among civilization again had its share in the panic.

There were, however, a few arrests for failure to report ship in dock after the hike from Latrecy and for some of the more troublesome warriors who wanted to start a republic of their own in Arc-en-Barrois. The battery enjoyed some wonderful meals in town. We could buy anything our hearts desired for francs. Roast veal, pork chops, fried rabbits, chicken, and beefsteaks were in order with beaucoup pommes de terre and vin blanc.

Friday, the 6th, formations began and Lieutenant Nissley took the battery out in the P. M. "snipe hunting" for rabbits. There was a ferociously wild inspection of quarters, equipment and side-arms Saturday, and quite a rumpus was raised over a few rusty pistols or the slightest infraction of regulation equipment. The sergeants were granted permission to sleep in billets in town and Rue du Marche, otherwise known to Captain Derby as Sergeants' Row, was totally captured by Battery F. The officers of our battery obtained a nice home at 66 Rue Anatole Gabelle and in short order had everything coming their way from music to cognac.

The boys promenaded through the town Sunday afternoon and Duckworth afforded us and the French civilians lots of amusement by innocently marching at the head of the line with a rabbit foot tied to the back of his collar, unknown to him.

The week of Monday, the 9th, we began close order again. Corporal Gabarino was assigned a squad and was told by the captain to

march his squad off. The command Gabby gave has never been deciphered, and the squad members had the presence of mind to march off in a direction as far away from the officers and battery as was possible.

About the 10th of the month Bob Clugston stopped blowing mess calls for us and joined the Argonne Players.

The next few days were all rainy and we were put through such hot stuff as cannoneers' drill, firing imitation barrages, doing gun drill and cannoneers' post.

Thursday afternoon we had a "dummy review." It was the first time a good many of the boys had ever gone through the thing, and at the command, "Eyes Right," a few of the drivers snapped into it, doing a hand salute at the same time, seeing Captain Derby do it that way. The sergeants were conspicuous at this dummy review by their absence and they got hell after retreat. Seven men left for Aix les Bains on furlough. Sergeants Anderson, Garry, McKenna; Corporal Jackson, Cook Malatesta; Privates Duffy and George Johnson.

Skillman deserted the sergeants' mess the next day to eat at Cognac Maggies.

We got all dolled up for the inspection Saturday, the 14th, but Lieutenant Nissley did the act and everything went on smoothly. At night Corporal "Duckie" borrowed some of Mag's equipment and masqueraded as a young Demoiselle through Rue du Marche. He captivated one by one, Manwarren, McDaniels and Swada, and took them in turn promenading in the woods. He collected from each respectively ten francs, twelve francs and fifteen francs with a box of cigarettes and a button off Swada's blouse as a souvenir.

Sunday the "Montrot Trio" made their usual nightly dinner calls. They were evidently dined and wine too well, for when they blew in around midnight, it was mighty dizzy sailing.

Monday, the 16th, we had reveille at 5.30 A. M. and hiked in a pouring rain for seven kilometers with the mud and water oozing in and out of our torn and worn only pair of shoes. After a two-hour wait in a large soggy field, where it rained some more, the entire brigade was reviewed by General McCloskey. Hiked back to our mud-hole at Arc-en-Barrois. In addition it was our battery's turn to do guard mount, followed by guard duty all through that rainy night.

There followed two days of perpetual rain, and in spite of the stone walks already in construction, the mud in and around our barracks was indescribable. Hawk cleverly pictured the scene to us one night, by stepping into the barracks door in a downpour, turning around, saying politely and seriously to the person he imagined behind him: "Never mind the oars, George, leave 'em in the boat."

We received new shoes Thursday—English ones, little better than nothing. Captain Derby was the battalion commander today and Lieutenant Taylor our battery commander. Captain Derby on his battalion inspection tour found some thing to make comment upon. He sent the following order as battalion commander to Battery F (amounting, in reality, to writing himself the note):

"To C. O. Battery F:

During his inspection this morning the battalion commander found oats sprouting in one of the fourgon wagons belonging to Battery F,

as well as an empty champagne bottle in another wagon. He directs that immediate steps be taken to remedy this condition and that you explain by indorsement hereon the action taken.

By order of Captain Derby,
Warren W. Nissley,
1st Lieut. 305th F. A.,
Acting Adj."

Lieutenant Taylor bustled around for a while, note in hand, and responded to the battalion commander to the effect that he had sent out a detail of reapers who gathered in the oats and that that he had issued instructions that in the future whenever the battery left champagne bottles around where the inspectors could find 'em, that they should be sure and leave one drink in the bottle for the inspector.

Saturday, the 21st, instead of our customary morning inspection, the regiment marched out to a nice soft, muddy field, and played soldiers. The colonel gave us two rehearsals on receiving regimental colors. As soon as we got back to barracks with mud all over our shoes and leggings there was a battalion inspection at 11 A. M.

Sunday the guard forgot to waken the tireless, unrelenting, punctual Si Kingston, so none of the sergeants were out to reveille. Oh, happy day! Every little bunch had their own little home in town, where their obliging and conscientious little French madame would prepare their evening meals so as to recall our own home-made dinner that mother used to make. We could never discover all of these palaces, homes, dives, where the different cliques and elements of our battery went wont to frequent. Yet, the one home that surpassed all others was that where Marshank, Gallagher, Brody, Lynch, Kehr, Gross and Fried dined each evening at 6 sharp. La Belle Madeleine was always there at 5 P. M. to buy milk and Eddie Lynch spent an hour with her trying frantically to demonstrate the English language. Whenever words were necessary to enlighten the mystified Miss, Gross did the interpreting into French. Our clever young demoiselle would womanly believe only the contrary of his statements. It is a miracle that between the wiles of Gross and the wooing of the amusing, demonstrative Lynch, the poor young thing did not go crazy. And, if it were not for the fact that she had a fiance in the French Army, some one in that crowd would have stayed behind in France when our outfit pulled out, and hooked up with her. Well, even we, *we* have to admit she was nice—the nearest thing to an American girl yet discovered in France.

Monday, the 23d, and the next day, Tuesday, we had some real sport, in spite of the perpetual rain. We had mounted drill with the guns and caissons, the first two sections doing the mounted drill with Captain Derby Monday, while the third and fourth sections played war with Lieutenant Nissley, using drivers for gun crews. Tuesday the sections were changed, the limbers only being used in the mounted drill. We laughed and yelled like kids while the horses galloped around dashing into position after the captain with his legs swinging wildly and his whistle a-blowing. We were soaking wet, but we enjoyed it and took pleasure also in viewing a keen horse-race between the Captain, Lieutenant Nissley and Lieutenant Taylor on the way home from the field.

Tuesday night, the 24th, the battalion show gave its first performance under the management and directorship of our Lieutenant Hill at the Arc-en-Barrois Opera House, otherwise known as the "Y" hut. It was a howling success. The battery members who contributed to the success of the event were Bill Marshak, Max Brody, "Benedictine" Duckworth, Bill Benjamin, Babe McLoughlin, Kehr, Rosenzweig and Dupree. Brown entertained on the piano. This was Christmas Eve and Chief Labrode was caught returning to his quarters at 1 A. M. The Provost Guard halted him in the rain, but the chief got away with it by answering in French and in the dark the guard thought it was a "frog."

Christmas Day there were no formations. Most of us stayed in bed until about 10 A. M. and then began celebrating. Benedictine and Triple Sec made a sure and quick ending to a great many of us, who thought we were in for a wild time. One in particular was out in the woods on his back and quite a few were carried to their beds. The furlough boys arrived in the afternoon. The battalion show was repeated in the evening and went stronger than the previous night.

Gun drill was resumed the 26th with Lieutenant Hill in charge, he seeming to be the only officer who had weathered the Christmas storm. The ground was covered with a slight fall of snow. The official rumor now is that we leave here December 29th, embark for the States January 6th. So McHenry made a couple of more bets on his "sure thing" that we would be in New York by January 18th.

Friday we had the same old drill in the rain and Saturday an inspection by Captain Derby, followed by an equipment check of all sections. Sunday, the 29th, First Sergeant Dooley received official notice to leave at once for the States to be discharged. Monday, the 30th, we had a review in the big field with "Watch-me-Dolly" at the head. Then some gun drill. At retreat the captain made a brief but touching speech on Dooley's departure for the States. He left Tuesday morning on the 8 o'clock bus for Chaumont.

During the day came the glad tidings of nine more men to leave on furloughs and with it the sad certainty that we would be another month in France. The four officers of our battery must have had some inside dope on the situation, because last night they held a dinner for four of the English nurses from the hospital. It was an up-to-date society event with wine, dancing, 'n everything. Brownie played the piano and drank what the officers couldn't, or, rather, what Lieutenant Hill didn't see, and Capello and Steiner jazzed with their violin and guitar. We wouldn't dare hint that this wasn't the only party that our officers pulled off in Arc, for the reason that we do not like to accuse anybody without being able to prove it, and we can not prove it. They must have been too clever for us at camouflaging, or, perhaps, no more parties were staged owing to our supposition that Lieutenants Hill and Taylor didn't fancy their debut into high society. For one thing, we know that "Doc" would rather drink where nobody could watch him or where his drinking would not be interfered with by mere dancing.

January 1, 1919.

The nine lucky devils to go on furlough were aroused by faithful Si Kingston at the wonderfully romantic hour of 3 A. M. The per-

missionaires consisted of Sergeants Ecock, Greenlee, Jacobson; Corporals Kehoe and Teator; Buglar Millon; Privates Sheppard, Frashour and Christofferson. Chambery and Challe des Eaux was the destination of these nine, with the privilege of visiting Aix-les-Bains. But the lucky break this gang had was that there was no transportation at the expiration of their seven days to bring 'em back to Arc and the poor lonesome boys had such a good time celebrating their sixteen-day stay in Chambery that Ecock, Frashour and Sheppard had to be taken to the hospital.

The first week in January there was a thin covering of snow on the ground and our drills were not so boresome. But from the 7th to the 21st we had practically an unbroken spell of rain. Occasionally we had a little sleet to make the road hikes dangerous, but most of the time it was mud, mud, mud, and drill, drill, drill. Through it all our good American grit and sense of humor carried us with a smile. The work and troubles of one day were forgotten the next when some amusing incident occurred among our men or officers and everything that brought a smile helped drive away the germ of homesickness. Lieutenant Taylor pulled a funny one while drilling the battery on January 20. The battery was marching in column of squads and was then brought into platoon fronts. Lieutenant Hill was in charge of the second platoon and the command was executed admirably. Lieutenant Taylor did not see Lieutenant Hill and absent-mindedly forgetting his presence, complimented the platoon sergeant on the success of the movement. Lieutenant Hill stepped forward at the close of the address, saluting with a snappy "Thank you very much, Lieutenant Taylor." "Blondie" came back to earth with a sudden jerk at this stage and reddening up, replied in an undertone that was audible to the entire battery: "Damn you, if I had any ammunition I would put some in you."

There's an awful funny one that Barty doesn't want us to tell about him. He claims that the following story is fictitious, and to say the truth, the source of our information was rather unreliable, but here goes, even if we do have to fight Bart a "dool."

Bart had a habit of hanging around in the town "Boulangerie," where Mlle. Louise distributed circular loaves of that wonderful French bread along with her smiles. Barty couldn't "parlez" very much and in order to enlarge his French vocabulary and his acquaintance with the young lady he spent his many off hours sitting on the counter alongside of the Mlle., his trusty little dictionary in one hand and his free arm around the young lady. The bashful mademoiselle had the teasing habit of asking Barty something difficult in French which would necessitate his unhitching his free right arm from its comfortable location to stir the pages of his little friend dictionary held in his left hand. After the troublesome word had been found and her sentence understood, Barty would "Oui, Oui," a few times and back went his right arm to its snug quarters. This was repeated many times during each session, when, one day in the heat of conversation and exasperation, Barty finally flung the embarrassing little book on the floor and continued the seance without interruption.

Oh, varied were the methods, means and where-withals to beguile ourselves into believing we were happy and to fight away our discontentment. Even the venerable and arduous John Quinn, one cold,

cold night in the last part of January once quit work by his candle light long enough to drink a good helping of Triple Sec and he wanted to kiss every old woman on the block. The following Sunday it must have still had its effect on him, because we are told he was seen even talking to Dick's housekeeper, Mme. Louise.

Wild boar and venison dinners cooked in several hangouts in the town with that wonderful French flavor helped make many an evening enjoyable that would have been lonesome and dreary. The entire battery to a man was eating at least one meal a day somewhere in town. We spent our money lavishly on good food and it was the best way we could possibly spend it. We were all getting stout and rosy-cheeked and just waiting for General Pershing to send us home in a hurry so mother could see how much weight we had put on from good eats.

We turned in our revolvers January 25th on Saturday and at noon sent our caissons and limbers up to Latrecy with a detail to clean and paint them up when the tractor finished pulling them through the mud and snow. The caissons were stored in a steel hangar in the large aviation field near Latrecy. The guns and limbers arrived at the same hangar January 28th.

The next day the battery was quarantined owing to the epidemic of "flu" which had broken out. In two days we had fifty cases taken to the hospital and all others were confined to barracks. It was forbidden to eat meals outside barracks. Mess kits had to be left in the kitchen and boiled for fifteen minutes. Every precaution was taken, even the laughable one of having the well men eat in one bunch in the mess hall, followed by the quarantined bunch. "Flu" masks had to be worn—whenever the officers were around—and we had to gargle before each meal with a preparation of iodine and water. By the last day of the month the hospital list had increased to sixty, the fifty suspect cases confined to barracks were removed to the Hospice, and the entire 2d Battalion quarantined. Tolté as evening mess in the kitchen gave out to each of the well men hard macaroni sticks to sip our coffee through saying it was the doctor's orders as a means of sterilization and he caught lots of suckers and sippers.

FEBRUARY.

The first day of the month we received official orders that we leave for Latrecy February 7th and everything must be packed. Sunday the 2d, we issued our haversacks and pack carriers to drivers and non-coms and the unfortunate members of the battery who had been shipped to the hospital lost all or most of their personal belongings in a clean-out of all barracks. The next day the captain made an inspection of all billets in town to find excess junk in our rooms, but owing to our landladies' cooperation, he had no luck.

Tuesday, the 4th, we had a practice hike in the morning with our packs. Word was received of Klink's death in the hospital at Chaumont. It was the first in the battery and all of us took the news hard. The captain and six men left immediately for Chaumont to attend his funeral and a cloak of despondency settled over everybody which took a long time to shake off, for soon after we lost five more men from the

same "flu," Turner, Englekeis, Youni, George Smith and Corporal Siegel.

February 5th Bill Marshank received his regimental citation for valorous conduct and bravery as a runner.

We were assigned a new top-sergeant February 6th—Fred A. Wallace, an O. T. S. man and formerly of Battery A, this regiment. Sergeant Tingle was transferred to Battery B and that evening when he dropped in to see his old gang at "Cognac Mag's," he was tendered a rousing farewell and a wet one.

The day of our departure from Arc-en-Barrais was changed from the 7th to the 9th and it was a lucky break. The rain we had been having for a week turned into a severe snow storm late Thursday, the 6th, and the weather became bitterly cold Friday and Saturday.

We were called Sunday morning at 4.45 and after breakfast loaded our packs on the four wagons that Captain Derby had generously hired from the French to carry our heavily laden packs to Latrecy. We bade a hasty farewell to Arc and set out at 9.30. It was a stiff walk of 13 kilometers to the station and we are quite sure Monsieur Reechard would never have survived the trip if he had had his pack to carry. The entire regiment was served hot chocolate and sandwiches by the Y. M. in a big tent near the railroad station, and we put in quite a supply of cigarettes and chocolate. The train pulled out at 3.30 P. M. and for the first time in army life we were comfortable in our "forty hommes" in spite of the cold. There was plenty of hay in each car and an average of only 20 men to the car.

We awoke Monday morning to find ourselves passing through beautiful open country and not a sign of snow. Tuesday, the 11th, shortly after noon, we passed through Sable, the new headquarters of our division, and at 4 P. M. reached Noyen and began unloading our train. The battery hiked seven kilometers with full packs and three blankets to Malicorne and it nearly killed 'em. We were assigned billets at the furthest end of the town and trucks were going back and forth from Noyen to Malicorne throughout the night. Sergeant Jacobson, Corporal Quinn, Privates Marshank, McLoughlin, Schaeffer, Forund, Finch and Kiernan were left behind in Noyen at the station on an all night baggage detail; but, thanks to a little knowledge of French and a kind-hearted French blacksmith home on a twenty-day furlough from his outfit, they had a pleasant restful night sleeping on the floor of his blacksmith shop with a bottle of cognac for company and a couple of wild-eyed French "permissionaires." Bill Marshank was a sick boy before the festivities began but came out of his daze when the fun started.

The first few days at Malicorne were busy ones, getting our kitchens agoing, our billets and bunks arranged, salvaging straw for our mattresses and a hundred other things. There were good meals to be had in town, however, and plenty of vin blanc, so, what the hell, a little work didn't bother us.

The orderly room was a good ways from regimental headquarters, the officers' quarters and the officers' mess, so bicycle riding rapidly resumed popularity. Captain Derby was "Johnny on the spot," and the second day in Malicorne came up the main street towards our billets riding a well-battered bicycle rolling and swaying from side to side. Nugent was the first to encounter him and noticing the difficulty

the skipper was having in navigating was afraid to salute for fear the captain would take a spill returning it.

The 14th, St. Valentine's Day in the civilized world, was market day in Malicorne, being as it was Friday, and it was a circus. The big square was a frantic, howling mob of country women with their wares, and eager bargaining townsfolk anxious to complete their purchases before the more liberal American soldiers could slip away from a formation and arrive on the scene. Rabbits, chickens, eggs—all in little baskets, changed ownership for beaucoup francs, and the side-show peddlers, their canvas tents hastily thrown up, called attention to their bargains by ringing bells and blowing funny horns.

Saturday the colonel had us out for a regimental review and inspection of packs. He must have bawled somebody out, 'cause the major gave us a little speech to the effect: "You have proved yourselves soldiers, now let's look it." In the afternoon the regimental team trimmed the officers at baseball.

Lieutenant McNevens joined the battery on the 16th after enjoying a "Class C" leave to Paris, and the first thing he did was to make a speech to us about sanitation.

Drills in the rain continued regularly and on the 18th by way of diversion we hiked eighteen kilometers to let B. P. Glassford, our new brigadier-general, look us over. The whole brigade was received in a large field the other side of Noyen and after the affair the general held a friendly little tete-a-tete with the officers.

Th next day we had a regimental review and inspection by the colonel in a pouring rain, and a speech about our review tomorrow at Sable by General Pershing.

We were up at 5.30 Thursday morning, but the review by General Pershing was called off. But as it was still raining the colonel thought it would be a good idea to hold another regimental review, and out to the field we went.

Friday we had encore rain, so we marched out to the drill field and had a battalion review. When we got back the market had sold out and we had to do without eggs.

Saturday was George Washington's Birthday and in celebration of it we had no reveille and breakfast was served about 8.30. The Provost Guard had a wild night keeping order in town, and Sunday there was many a "big" head.

Monday, the 24th, Corporal Quinn left on his well-earned pass to Paris. The battery left in trucks at 8.45 A.M. for our divisional review at Sable by General Pershing. We were standing in ranks for five hours with aching backs and legs. When things did start, however, the sight was impressive. General Pershing and staff with Major General Alexander inspected personally every organization in the field while the divisional band of 226 pieces filled the air with wonderful music. Medals were presented to the heroes of the division and then began the review. Our brigade led off with General Glassford at the head. About fifty yards past the reviewing stand the entire column passed at double time through a mud hole. We sank to our shoetops in the soft splashing soil and struggled to free one foot at a time. Everybody laughed over it—the general, the troops and the French spectators.

We had our usual reveille the following morning, but the day was

declared a holiday on account of the high praise the division received from General Pershing at the review yesterday.

Things went along smoothly enough with the officers studying Infantry Drill Regulations and all of us wondering when, oh, when, would we get those rifles that were now rumored we are certain of receiving before we leave Malicorne.

On Friday, the 28th, Captain Derby and Captain Dana, figuring that carp fishing would be a little more interesting than infantry regulations and hearing that they were biting good at the lake six kilometers away, borrowed a neat looking high-perched French carriage in which to make the trip. They arrived with two fishing poles and potatoes and carrots for bait. The two set out with a frisky horse borrowed from the town blacksmith. The spirited young nag tried to make a runaway down the main street and they almost lost a wheel off the carriage. The two captains had no luck at the lake, however, and we believe they can blame it on the bait.

MARCH.

Saturday, the 1st, another regimental inspection on the drill field. Our belts and haversacks had been washed so often for our many inspections that by this time they were a ghastly white. At a meeting of the officers and non-coms of the battalion in the afternoon, we were told that we could expect to leave this area about April 1st.

Close order drill and road hikes became less tedious to us the entire first week of March, and we enjoyed real sunny springtime. Even the captain came out for hikes and then one morning he was so full of "pep" he gave us setting up exercises in his original Camp Upton style. The little French kids who used to follow us around at drills and count "one—two" for us were highly amused by the captain's antics leading the battery in physical exercises. They imitated him at every count and had us and the captain laughing wildly at their freakish efforts.

Thursday, the 6th, the captain held an examination of non-coms in drilling squads and explaining squad movements as the book said it should be done. In the evening the 152d F. A. Brigade dance was held at the Chateau de Courcilles. Nine men of our battery made the trip there and back in the army taxi-cab, and had the extreme pleasure of climbing over half a dozen soldiers' backs to get a chance to dance two and a quarter minutes with a real live American "Y" girl or Red Cross nurse. The Comte de Murat was present with his daughter, the Comtess. Sergeant Jacobson and Corporal Jackson got stuck with her—the former for three dances.

Saturday, the 8th, we had our inspection of all equipment on our drill field. Another batch of permissionaires left on furlough for the Pyrenees.

Bill Marshak got back Sunday from Paris and told such wonderful stories of The Pantheon de la Guerre and Boulevard des Italiens that all battery members possessing sufficient funds determined to make instant application for "class C" leaves.

Rifles arrived about this time for everybody, sergeants included. The thought of infantry rifle and bayonet drill was another incentive to get a furlough and the competition became keen among the applicants

for Paris leave; for an original and forcible excuse to have their "permissions" granted immediately. One's commercial house in the U. S. desired the sudden opening of a branch at Paris; another's concern desired samples of Parisian embroideries and hosiery; uncles, fathers, grandmothers, brothers, were conveniently moved from all parts of the globe to Paris with a street address that might have been the Gendarmerie; telegrams from imaginary relatives or concerns demanding instant presentation of some battery member at Monsieurs So-and-So's law office in Paris; these were the means and wiles employed to persuade our skeptical but liberal division boss to let us have a peep at gay Páree!

Messrs. Dupree, Liebler and lots of others had their passes come through and on March 14th Captain Derby left for Paris, theoretically as an official delegate from the division to the American Legation, but maybe he wanted to see Paris, too. He brought back a nobby new raincoat which was a long time coming to take the place of his other one that Lieutenant Hill left up in the Argonne. The captain spent quite some time with Lieutenant Burden at Paris, who was acting as the secretary for the American Delegation at the Peace Conference.

Brody, Lynch, Gottlieb and Jacobson left Sunday morning, the 16th (just in time to miss the distribution and cleaning of our well cosmoyleyned rifles, to accompany the 77th Division football team to Paris). We take this opportunity of thanking the general or whatever bloke was responsible for the granting of Paris passes through this ruse.

Sergeants Jacobson, Gottlieb and Lynch were picked up in Paris for looking at the styles in the window of the Gallerie Lafayette, instead of saluting some tow-headed M. P. lieutenant. Lynch had the good fortune of not having name taken, but the next night matters were more than evened when Eddie had his pocketbook taken instead of his name. Max landed the cream of Paris and the gang recuperated from the strain of their visit by staying two days at Sable on the way back.

Lieutenant Nissley's order for immediate discharge in the U. S. came through and he left for Le Mans, the 20th. The same day came the news of the postponement of the 77th Division's sailing date to April 24th. We were sick enough of this useless hanging around France. The battery went down to the cafes in unison and steeped their sorrow and disappointment in vin blanc.

On the morning of Monday, the 24th, Sergeants Wallace, Greenlee and Jacobson left for Paris. Sergeant Anderson became the acting mess sergeant for six days and we are certain his little gang must have enjoyed some Epicurean dinners in high style.

Society notes: Captains Derby and Pike spent the last Sunday of the month in La Fleche. Captain Mitchell saw them off at the railroad station. Sergeants Garry and McHenry were guests at a social tea at Marshak's and Will Hundt's wash-house.

APRIL.

Tuesday was the first day of the month and soaped candy was served to all sweet-toothed individuals, the entire orderly room force taking the bait.

The Provost Guard was disbanded Wednesday, the 2d, and our battery was moved out of its present quarters to a cluster of small farmhouses about two kilometers the other side of town. This move was necessary in order to accommodate and make room for the great number of casualties assigned to our regiment, and naturally, it was Battery F that was picked on.

We received our para-typhoid injection April 3, and were a pretty sick bunch for a few days following the "shot." Inspections, however, went on just the same. April 4th rifle inspection, after impatiently awaiting the inspector about four hours on the cold, wet field. April 5th equipment inspection by the lieutenant-colonel. The big inspection by the A. E. C. was held on April 7th on our drill field. It was sweet music to our ears to learn that the inspectors complimented the regiment for our neatness and uniformity.

Marshak and Brody broke into the limelight again in our regimental show which was successfully staged at the "Y" hut the evenings of April 7th and 9th.

The "Battle of Malicorne" was being fought during this period with Sergeants McHenry and Garry as corps commanders. The battle lasted four days. The field operations were suspended on the last day after Mac and Whizz went "beecyette" riding. Both were well loaded, Mac with a bag under his arm containing a dozen eggs. At the bottom of the steep hill coming down the bridge at Malicorne, Whizz went "over the top"—of his handlebars—and Mac followed his partner. Both landed in a heap on the hard gravel road and received grave wounds putting them out of action. Mac got up with his right hand cut in slivers, but miraculously managed to keep his entire dozen eggs unbroken in the fall.

We had an "Abandon Camp Drill" Saturday, the 12th, and Monday a regimental medical inspection.

Tuesday, the 15th, the A. E. C. physical inspection was held in Malicorne and we walked to the town and back in a pouring rain.

"Blondie" Taylor did not show up in the orderly room till a late hour Wednesday, the 16th. He and Si Kingston had had a wild night. Some drunken "frog" ex-soldier locked out by his loving wife occupying the building next to "Blondie" tried to gain entrance into his home at 3 A. M. by ladder through Lieutenant Taylor's quarters. Nobody in the neighborhood got any sleep after that and Si had to call a gendarme to end the trouble.

The morning of the 17th we were up at 5.30, made and loaded our packs on the wagons hired to carry 'em to Noyen. Foray showed up at the last minute minus his overseas cap. He had spent a wild night celebrating our departure from Malicorne—and donned one of the captain's head-pieces. Hiked to the station at Noyen where the "Y" served us lunch. Jackson, Spencer and Quinn carried Doc Hill's raincoat for him to Noyen on their truck. In one pocket they discovered a bottle and the three slipped away to a deserted spot to help themselves to a long drink of good cognac. Their disappointment was unspeakable, however, when Doc's hidden treasure turned out to be a bottle of plain ordinary "vin rouge." We were loaded into our box

cars and most of us forgot to put water in our canteens. The train pulled out at 2.20 P. M.

We arrived at Brest about noon without breakfasting. We could see the harbor of Brest and a fleet of transports at anchor. The sight set us all cheering wildly. Rushed through the A. E. C. kitchen for mess and with our packs and overcoats hiked about six kilometers to our squad tents at Camp Pontanezan. Had a battery equipment check and a good meal at the Embarkation kitchen, with a wonderful system of quick, tasteful mess.

We turned in our French money for exchange into American, early Saturday morning, the 19th. We had a medical inspection and a bath, by the numbers. The soap furnished reeked of mustard gas or something worse. No casualties were reported. In the afternoon, wearing our packs and overcoats, we hiked down for an equipment inspection that looked weak and foolish to us.

Sunday, the 20th, we were ordered to make packs for another inspection. Then the order was changed to leave immediately for embarkation on the Agamemnon. Left camp at 12.20 P. M. without dinner. We hiked for six kilometers under a boiling sun with packs and overcoats. No one can appreciate the comfort and delight of such a hike without making it personally. Bachman and Hage were out visiting and narrowly missed going along with us to the States, catching the battery before we left camp by only two minutes to spare.

We lined up on Pier No. 5 and as the Embarkation Officer called each name for loading on the lighters, each member of ten batteries responded more eagerly than his predecessor, all but Lampley. He, in his quaint slothful way, sauntered carelessly up to the booth answering "Frederick M.," as if it never mattered whether he got on board or not. At 3 P. M. we were aboard the Agamemnon, assigned to our bunks and began waiting for chow. We stood in line four and a half hours, hungry, tired and wet through and through from our hike to the dock. It was nearly 9 P. M. when the last of our men received their mess consisting of two hot dogs, a piece of bread and a cup of tea.

Gradually the system of feeding the 5,687 army passengers on board from one kitchen was bettered, and by the middle of our voyage things weren't so bad. We were ordered to wear at all times our life jackets and mess kits.

For the first time we appreciated the song "Homeward Bound" by our regimental band, as the "Aggie" started off at 12.40 P. M.

The entire voyage was exceptionally delightful. At all times the sea was calm and the weather perfect. Tuesday night, the 22d, a show and dance was given on board for the officers and nurses, but 1st and 2d lieutenants were not permitted to attend.

The different regimental shows performed for the benefit of the enlisted men and officers and beginning Wednesday we had ice cream for several days on sale at the canteen.

Thursday brought a medical and bug inspection on deck.

The next day Lusian, Hair, Williams and seven others were stretched out on "A" deck carelessly talking about what they wouldn't do with a dollar if they had it. The first mentioned won unanimously by suggesting the purchase of 20 packages of Cracker-Jack, two packages to be given each member of the party. But the crowd was bank-

rupt. Suddenly an envelope flopped down in the center of the gathering. There was a mad scramble and upon opening the envelope it was found to contain a half dollar and two quarters. One of the ninety-nine Red Cross nurses who were on board had unsuspectingly been the audience to their wish for a dollar. Her stateroom window was just above their heads and in two minutes the boys were smilingly offering their benefactress to join them in munching twenty packages of Cracker-Jack.

Captains Derby and Mitchell took a nightly constitutional around the deck of the boat, fighting the war all over again as they walked along with rapid gait.

Most of us spent all day Monday trying to sew our newly issued double service stripes on blouse and O. C. before we landed.

Land was sighted about 8.30 A. M. The view of New York Harbor, with the "Welcome" boats steaming up the bay to meet the Agamemnon and the Statue of Liberty in the distance, brought tears of joy to men who never before had felt the pangs of separation from home and dear ones. The crowded ferries and tugs came alongside with banners proclaiming the names of the returning boys whose families were bent on getting the first glimpse of his tanned, smiling face. Jimmie Houlihan's family beat the Mayor's Welcome Boat to it by having a special tug of their own, and for nearly half an hour they held conversation with Jim, till the Agamemnon put on speed and raced into dock leaving the puffing little tug hopelessly plowing through the water far in the rear. We docked at Pier No. 2, Hoboken, and landed on U. S. soil at 10.30 A. M. We were formed in batteries near the railroad yards while our relatives and friends sought to evade the vigilance of the M. P. guards and tried to break through the lines to greet the boys. The guards were incapable of handling the vast crowd. After a short furious stampede the mob burst through the gate in the wire fence and surged around the delighted soldiers. Many a mother, sister and sweetheart slipped through and grabbed a sun-browned soldier in a happy squeeze of welcome. It was the first time this had occurred at the debarkation point. In twenty minutes order was restored and the breathless, elusive civilians were once more barred behind the high wire fence to throw the boys oranges and cigarettes. Eddie Lynch's father, eager to see his boy, resorted to a happy ruse that worked. His hat pulled down far over his head and broom in hand, pretending to be one of the railroad yard workers, he walked along the tracks brushing and sweeping. He quietly inquired of the soldiers in rank where Battery F was. The unsuspecting guards let him pass, and Ed and his pop met in a wild catch-as-catch-can match before the presence of the outsider was discovered. We took the ferry to Long Island and the trains to Camp Mills, where we were quickly lodged in tents and fed. Visitors swamped the camp all this day and the next, and many a fellow took a flyer and beat it to New York City for the night.

Thursday, May 1st, we were up at 4 A. M. to be deloused and re-equipped. All city boys received their 48-hour passes good from noon today until noon Saturday, and it was "Home, Sweet Home" for us by the quickest route. Quite a few of the boys overstayed their passes and did not show up by 7 P. M. Sunday night, when we had to sign the pay-roll sheets, discharge papers, insurance blanks and other

things. An order was received that all men not having reported by that time to sign their papers would be transferred to the Depot Brigade—and twelve men in our outfit were out of luck, not being discharged until a week after the battery had been mustered out.

Monday, May 5th, we were roused at 5 A. M., made our packs and boarded the electric train at 8.15. Reached New York and marched to the 9th Coast Artillery Armory on 14th Street. We left our packs and equipment and were dismissed until tomorrow, the day of the 77th Division parade.

We assembled 7.30 A. M. Tuesday at the armory carrying our light "haversack" packs and helmets and formed near Washington Arch. Paraded up Fifth Avenue in great style and with break-neck speed past the great tiers of grandstands filled to overflowing with friends and loved ones. At 110th Street we passed in review before General Alexander and continued on to 125th Street, taking the subway down to the armory, where we were dismissed for the day.

The next morning we were down to the armory again at 7.30 and hiked to 34th Street. At 1 P. M. arrived in Camp Upton—the same Camp Upton that we had spent seven months in training before going across. These barracks certainly looked good to us. We felt at home in them and settled into our iron bunks comfortably.

Among the souvenirs Captain Derby brought back with him from France was a German automatic pistol. While in New York he exhibited his trophies to his wife. In demonstrating the action of the revolver, the weapon unexpectedly went off. A tragedy was narrowly averted, as Captain Derby was holding the gun muzzle down. The shot fortunately missed Mrs. Derby and striking the floor bored its way through for more than a foot into the heavy apartment flooring.

Thursday, May 8th, we turned in such of our equipment that was no longer needed. Then we were marched down to the Y. M. C. A. at 8th Street for a series of lectures on re-enlistment, compensation, etc. Corporals Jackson and Quinn and Dick Spenser, the "Office Force Trio," worked till long after midnight getting our service records into completion for the coming discharge.

Friday, the 9th, we were aroused at 2.15 A. M. and walked to 8th Street for our physical examination in the middle of the night. Got back to our bunks about 4.30 A. M. and slept till 7 A. M. At 9.30 we were down again to the "Y" hut for a lecture on insurance and prophylaxis. Turned in our blankets and all other Government property we are not allowed to keep. We slept at night in our overcoats on the iron bunks as we had no blankets.

Up at 4 A. M. Saturday, May 10th. Breakfast served at 4.30 and we cleaned up our barracks. Turned in our mess kits and hiked down to the paymaster's office in a pouring rain. We waited three hours in the incessant cold drizzle before our turn came to receive our final pay with the \$60.00 bonus.

It was a happy, singing bunch that walked through the mud and water down to the railroad station, with dripping wet faces and clothes. Captain Derby stood at the gate entrance to the cars, and, as each man of his old loved battery received his honorable discharge and passed through the gate, the captain grasped his hand in a farewell grip of good luck and goodfellowship—and Battery F, 305, ceased to be—in the annals of American History. But in the minds of every member

we are still, and will remain forever, the same outfit, the same happy comrades, with our bonds of friendship strengthening with the years.

On Tuesday night, May 13th, the 305th F. A. Regimental Association held a dance and entertainment at the 9th C. A. Armory. It was our farewell night. Mr. and Mrs. Derby were there, Lieutenants Nissley and Taylor, and almost all of the boys. Some of us were already in civilian clothes and before the party broke up the battery presented Captain Derby with a silver smoking service as a token of the eternal esteem and love we hold for him.

[To be continued in the next war]

APPENDIX A.

P. C., 77th Division, 3 October, 1918.

GENERAL ORDER No. 29.

1. The following is published for the information of all concerned. The Division Commander desires that this communication be brought to the attention of every member of the command at the earliest practicable moment:
"729/G3.

ADVANCED HEADQUARTERS FIRST ARMY CORPS,

October 2, 1918.

From Commanding General, 1st Army Corps, U. S.

To: Commanding General, 77th Division, U. S.

Subject: Commendation.

1. The Corps Commander has directed me to extend to you and to the entire 77th Division a most cordial expression of his gratification at the steady, solid progress made since the beginning of the operation now under way.

2. The difficulties of terrain are fully understood and the amount of ground gained is notable, while your supplies and communications are thoroughly satisfactory.

3. Individual cases of special merit should be brought promptly to the attention of these headquarters for suitable recognition without waiting for a complete list after the operations are completed.

By Command of Major General LIGGETT.

MALIN CRAIG, Chief of Staff.

By Command of Major General ALEXANDER.

J. R. R. HANNAY, Chief of Staff.

APPENDIX B.

Regtl. P. C. (ne aux Charmes, 58.18)

Headquarters 305 F. A.,
American Ex. Forces,
3rd Oct., 1918.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 39:

1. The Regtl. C. O. desires the command to be fully informed that on two occasions in the last few days the effective and prompt artillery support rendered by this regiment has been a matter of most favorable report by Infantry Officers, and has made possible the infantry advance, on such occasions, with but small loss, while inflicting heavy losses on the Germans. On the second occasion the mission was over difficult terrain from an artillery standpoint; it had been impossible to see where our shots were falling; no circumstances permitted even any rough registration; yet our very first shots fell squarely in a barbed wire entanglement that marked our initial barrage that did such material damage to same; rolled on and caught the Germans in their trench system, compelling some surrenders, and putting two machine gun nests out of action. The range on both occasions was about $3\frac{3}{4}$ miles, and very little time had been given the officers to figure the data.

2. The officers and men are equally congratulated, and entitled to complimentary notice for their accurate and prompt work. The accurate computation of the officers would have been useless, unless backed up by the magnificent gun discipline displayed by the gun crews.

3. The above will be read to the command.

F. C. DOYLE, Colonel 305 F. A.

ROSTER

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 Anderson, Nils E., 211 West 107th St., New York City.
 Anderson, Otto, Wanki, Minn.
 Anderson, Victor E., R. F. D. No. 2, Monticello, Minn.
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 Ecock, James, 4th St., Sheepshead Bay, N. Y.
 Eidson, James, Enterprise, Ala.
 Elkin, Gabe F., Easton, Wash.
 Ervin, Roy F., Lawton, Okla.
 Ellis, James, Paris, Ky.
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